



messing
about in

BOATS

Volume 28 – Number 4

August 2010

Special Features This Issue
“Special Features This Issue”
“Cedar Key Small Boat Meet” — “Ain’t it Grand”
“The DCA Discovers Sweden” — “Another Launching”
“Akabo” — “Beyond the Pale”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This issue has a whole lot of pictures of interesting small craft taken at three spring small craft gatherings. From these I decided to focus on showing the amazing (to me, anyway) variety of small boats that we collectively enjoy, so brace yourself for pages and pages of small boat pictures.

Coverage of the 5th Annual Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival in April in Cortez, Florida, was emailed around by boat builder/TSCA activist Dave Lucas to those on his list (I am one). Coverage of the Cedar Key Small Boat Meet in early May in Cedar Key, Florida, came from Florida West Coast Trailer Sailor Ron Hoddinott, originally from an internet gallery, later backed up with text and photo JPGs. Coverage of the 40th Annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut was my own doing, the old fashioned way, personally there with camera (albeit digital these days) in hand.

This all didn't turn out quite as I expected. Judging from the pictures and reports, the two Florida gatherings were very successful in terms of participation of amateur boat builders with their boats. The Gardner gathering, grandfather to all such events by far, with the most historic cachet of all, that of perpetuating the memory of the man who enjoyed the unquestioning respect of traditional small craft enthusiasts since the 1960s, did not enjoy such support. When I arrived at 10am and crossed the empty grounds of the museum to the gathering place by the tiny beach and small boat docks, I was shocked to find it virtually empty, several boats on one dock and a couple of people on the beach with a lonely boat or two. The pictures on page 14 are far more effective than any words I can summon up at portraying the (to me) emptiness. Nobody came! Not quite exactly, a few loyal participants who come every year were there, their presence a pale ghost of bygone times.

I had anticipated a smaller turnout than the "good old days" due to the cancellation of the event by the Seaport in 2008 and the smaller scale slimmed down 2009 "revival." I speculated in my "Commentary" in the June issue on how this might impact on the 2010 Workshop, which received minimal advance promotion by the Seaport. But, given the fact that the Workshop has always been on the first weekend in June since 1970 and that the 2009 gathering, downsized and lacking

its usual format of activities, did take place with sufficient support to offer an interesting variety of small boats and their owners, I figured that the loyal followers would show up anyway what with the lower \$20 fee and last year's enjoyable, if downsized event as stimulus. They didn't!

The Seaport figures showed 45 persons registered, and it was reported to me mid-day on Saturday (which is the big day of the weekend) that 12 boats had been launched at the shipyard float. I did not do a head count but while I was there (I left shortly after noon when no further action developed) I'd guess at a couple of dozen folks standing around or in a half dozen boats out on the water. Those on hand were enjoying themselves and had this been a local TSCA Chapter outing I'd have thought it a very nice day. But I could not escape the historical perspective of why we were there. This was the very place from where John Gardner wielded his benevolent influence over the preservation and continued use and enjoyment of traditional small craft. The "White Boat Shop" and the "Grey Boatshop" were right there as backdrop to the little beach and docks of the lively boathouse, whose boats filled out much of the docks.

So the question in my mind is, "why did so few come this year?" Within easy reach are three very active TSCA Chapters: The John Gardner Chapter in nearby Groton, The Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club Chapter about 20 miles down the coast in Centerbrook, and the Long Island Chapter a dozen mile ferry trip across Long Island Sound in Laurel, New York. Two stalwarts came over from Long Island and I saw one member from the Gardner Chapter. Follow-up inquiries elicited only one response and that was that "they only just heard about it a few days before and had made other plans."

Driving home that afternoon I concluded that I had most likely seen the very last of the John Gardner Workshops at the Seaport. The life has gone out of it. Like John's life itself it has come to an end. Many, many human endeavors seem to follow this almost organic cycle of birth, growth, maturity, decline, and death. For me the apparent demise of the event carries particular sadness for it was the 1980 Workshop that I attended that inspired my interest in small boating and led to what I still do today, this little magazine.

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On the Cover...

Steve Axon of Salt Lake City had been on the government waiting list since 1991 to indulge with his family and friends in a whitewater rafting trip through the Grand Canyon. In the intervening years they did many whitewater rafting trips on more accessible far western rivers in preparation for the big one. His name finally came up in 2006 and off went sixteen of them in eight rafts for two weeks of high adventure. His full report is featured in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Dropped anchor in seven feet of placid water in the lee of a woody isle of about an acre. A proper anchorage halfway up peaceful Point Judith Pond, a mile and a half above Galilee where the fishing fleet makes its home and the ferries to Block Island shuttle restlessly to and fro.

Across the narrow inlet, the villages of Jerusalem and Snug Harbor host several small marinas catering to recreational craft and a few small charter-fishing vessels. Three or four steel trawlers unobtrusively dock over here, a tenth of the ample fleet across the channel.

All this commerce defines the narrow mouth of the inner harbor. Outside the short jetties spread the outer harbor, Harbor of Refuge, a mile wide expanse enclosed by breakwaters. Some of this wall is now in need of repair. Two generous breaches allow large ferries to meet and pass without trouble. These breaches also allow some surge to enter, but still, the outer harbor provides great refuge.

Point Judith tends to be turbulent. When the sea is calm everywhere else, four-footers are the rule around the point. A stormy day at Point Judith has convinced any number of fishermen to take up dairy farming.

I'm telling my tale backward. Getting here, I followed the coast of Rhode Island for 20 miles past Connecticut. Off Watch Hill, Rhode Island, I needed to blow on my sails. If it hadn't been for the running tide, I might have been there yet. Gradually, the breeze increased. Approaching Harbor of Refuge, I made five knots while surfing at a bias to the humping tide that raced to reach the breakwater.

Within the refuge, I spent half an hour scouting out possible moorings. Even within the circling wall, the sea was not complacent. I started my motor, dropped my sails, and headed for the channel between the jetties. In 20 minutes, I rounded little Gardiner Island. This and other small islands surround the anchorage. The private houses on the mainland, a quarter mile off at either hand, stand quiet this summer evening.

Two fat, complaisant sloops raft together a hundred yards off, my only neighbors. They lean together confidently as the glowering sky parts one last time to emit enough sun to dazzle this part of the pond. The little waters chuckle to my Whitehall tethered astern. After bouncing heavily for half the afternoon, Harbor of Refuge proved welcome, with a mere two feet of chop. By comparison, this anchorage among these tiny islands is idyllic. I can neither hear nor see the tumultuous ocean. The pond spreads calmly.

I repose in my cockpit, having a comforting coffee with cheese and crackers. My lunch, between lurches, consisted of a hard-boiled egg and an apple. I couldn't leave the helm secured for as much as half a minute once the tide and wind commenced to fling me. As I eat, a fellow in a sailboat, an O'Day 22, circles me several times to talk of boats. The three-knot breeze provides him steerageway.

Off he goes, down the pond, to enjoy his evening. A couple of speedboats whiz by, intent on getting to the next place in some unaccountable hurry. *MoonWind* rocks beneath me in their wake. I finish my repast and address my journal. My friend in his O'Day returns. He passes me, making nearly one knot, and heads home to his supper. "Time to rejoin the real world," he laughs.

I'm sure the "real" world fares only too well in its own eyes without any aid from me. One of these days, though, I may just pay it a visit, and see what all of this fuss is all about.

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

8th Annual Bird Island Challenge

Paddlers and rowing enthusiasts are invited to join internationally known environmentalist Richard Wheeler of Wareham, Massachusetts, on Sunday, August 15, in a paddling and rowing challenge from downtown Wareham with a choice of three courses of three miles, six miles, or thirteen miles, which circumnavigate Bird Island. Modeled after the Annual Blackburn Challenge in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the goal of the Challenge is to support financial assistance to those in our community who cannot afford the YMCA experience on their own. The challenge is open to all rowing and paddling boats.

Registration is at breakfast at 7am and a mandatory captain's meeting will follow at 7:30am conducted by Event Director Richard Wheeler. The challenge itself begins at 8am. Safety boats will be stationed along the way. Registration fee is \$45 [as of this notice received 7/1/10—Ed] All participants will be given a complimentary race packet which includes breakfast and lunch.

Anyone else interested in sponsoring this exciting event to raise funds for financial assistance for YMCA memberships should call (508) 295-9622. To register, or for more information, contact the YMCA at (508) 295-9622 or email Jo-Ann Watson at jwatson@ymcasouthcoast.org. Registration forms may also be downloaded from the YMCA Southcoast website at www.ymcasouthcoast.org.

Adventures & Experiences...

Robb White is Smiling.

On April 23 and 24 a friend and I took my Robb White-designed Sportboat down to the Apalachicola Antique & Classic Boat Show in Apalachicola, Florida, to display. This is a neat little town with museums and shops to explore. Besides displaying the Sportboat, we had a rack of antique outboards on display. We took a ride up the Apalachicola River past the town up to where we could see eagles and their nests. Southern hospitality was evident. As we were going upstream four large 40'+ cabin cruisers were charging downstream. All four of them slowed down for us to minimize their 3' wakes.

After the boat show, we ventured over to nearby Carabelle. They were having a Riverfest and we visited the booths, etc. We again launched the Sportboat and rode up the Carabelle River. It was different from the Apalachicola as there were many houses along the shoreline going upstream and the channel wound back and forth.

A couple of weeks later, my wife and I went down to Crystal River. We put the Sportboat in the Crystal River and putt-putted up and down the river seeing the homes, marinas, and manatees. The next day we traveled ten miles down the road to the Homosassa River. We again put in the Sportboat and traveled up and down that river. We saw more manatees as well as an island that is home to four monkeys. Because of the manatees most of both rivers

are posted "no wake." This made the Sportboat perfect as we didn't have to worry about large ocean-going cruisers' wakes.

Manatees winter in both of these rivers and one can swim with them. There are many places where kayaks or pontoon boats can be rented on both rivers.

I'm so fortunate to have known Robb White and to have been able to build a few of his Sportboats. I am also very fortunate that I am able to travel some with my Sportboat.

Henry Champagne, Greenback, TN

Our Seasonal Commute in Moonshadow

Last winter was devoted to a new engine installation in *Moonshadow*, our home afloat, at our winter hideaway on the Chesapeake so our proposed trip to Newfoundland has been postponed until next year... though that is a long ways off! Shelburne, Nova Scotia, is our summer place this year. We belong to the Shelburne Harbor Yacht Club and have many friends there. Carolyn also meets weekly with a group of women who are rug hookers and generally interested in the "fiber arts."

We sailed the last leg of our annual seasonal commute from Pocasset, Massachusetts, to Nova Scotia, starting June 21 at 2pm and arriving in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, on June 23 around 3pm in the rain. We had a good trip across with some actual sailing, some fog, some clear weather, and some calm. No real bad stuff, it doesn't get any better.

The two photos are from this leg:



Just another sunset on the ever-calm Bay of Fundy.



The nice warm cockpit of *Moonshadow* making good progress around Cape Sable in "dungeon fog", maybe 100' of visibility. The radar has my rapt attention! We are surrounded by a fleet of scallop draggers (we discovered later the area had just been opened to fishing) who fortunately are moving only very slowly and predictably. Water temp 45°, air about 50°. We are thankful for our "pilot house."

Interested readers are invited to visit our website at <http://www.sv-moonshadow.com/>
Ed Seling and Carolyn Pearson,
Shelburne, NS

Remembering Jim Melcher

As is always the case with an obituary, it was sad to learn of the passing of Jim Melcher. We were not close, but I had talked with him some years ago when I learned he had moved to Brunswick, Maine, because that is where I summer.

I was very sorry to note that a BIG part of his life was, for whatever reason, omitted from what appeared in your magazine. "Cap'n Jim" was called just that by the many, many happy kids who attended his summer Pleasant Bay Camp on Little Pleasant Bay in S Orleans, Massachusetts. They enjoyed all camp activities, which really centered around swimming and sailing in the Baybird fleet (which proved to be so popular they are now made in fiberglass). Some, at least the staff, got to sail with Jim on *Triumph*. It was a great family atmosphere which really taught kids to sail.

My three kids all attended during various periods. The most active was my daughter who was a camper from 1971 to 1975, and then as a counselor (when her younger brother went) from 1978 to 1980. She recalls, "My finest memories from my youth are those from Pleasant Bay Camp."

Since I wrote the above I have found Jim's complete obituary as printed in *The Times Record* on April 12. That did include a little information about the camp, but apparently you had space limitations for *MAIB*.

Ken Weeks, W. Hartford CT

Editor Comments: We printed the letter received from Diane deGrasse Melcher in its entirety. In yet another incident of "it's a small world," Jane was a counselor at PBC in the summer of 1952 and knew Jim at that time. While I visited her frequently that summer (the year in which we later married), I never met Jim.

A Messabout?

Yeah, you know.
You went once.
Didn't stay for the whole thing.
But you do still remember.

You got there later than some.
Ahead of many.
Sort of in the middle.
You got there when you got there.

And, folks made you glad you came.

Most sat. Some talked.
A few, they even listened.
It was about boats.
And sand.

Mostly it was about boats.

Some had boats in the water.
Out paddling. Sailing.
Some left 'em on the sand.
Or, still in the truck.
Didn't seem to matter.

You know. A messabout.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

Information of Interest...

Engineless Cruising

My thanks to Jock Yellott ("You write..." June issue) for his kind remarks about "A Short Single-handed Cruise" (April 2010). As to whether I am still happy with *Penelope* in her engineless state, the answer is a resounding yes.

The choice of whether to go engineless or not has more to do with an individual's temperament than any consideration of boat type. You either enjoy the challenges and accept the occasional frustrations of engineless sailing or you don't. Obviously, if your life is governed by rigorous schedules, engineless sailing is not for you. If you need to be at work Monday morning, you can't head out on Sunday not knowing whether or not you can get back. It helps to be seriously underemployed or retired.

Mr. Yellott can rest assured that the *Rozinante* is the almost perfect candidate for engineless cruising, much better than my beloved *Penelope* as she will be a lot easier to row. The only trouble with those wonderful boats is that all the examples I have ever come across seem to be about twice as expensive as other craft of equal displacement.

The dean of all engineless sailors was, of course, Joshua Slocum, but I'm sure Mr Yellott is already familiar with his book. A less-known work I can heartily recommend is Richard Baum's wonderful *By The Wind*. That guy was a SAILOR. Yet another book I enjoyed greatly was F.B. Cooke's *Single Handed Cruising*, a treatise on the subject the first edition of which was written before engines had come into general use. Cooke also published a couple of collections of cruising yarns which are both delightful and informative. One of these was *Pocket Cruisers*, copies of which can occasionally be found on line at Abe Books which is the best source for old English titles. Buy any old sailing title from Arnold and Co, then check out their other offerings which are advertised on the jacket. You can hardly go wrong.

Once again, my thanks to Mr Yellott. Reading his remarks made my day.

W.R.Cheney

Mystery Tale Published

In my just published first novel, *Double Trouble*, the disappearance of a controversial history professor at Wyndham State College from his sailboat on the Connecticut shore initiates a web of intrigue that brings an attractive cast of characters to New York City and Washington, DC. They include savvy and hapless academics, a popular administrator who is not what he claims to be, a sharp and attractive UConn law student, a middle school teacher with a shadowy past, a super mom, and two precocious kids. What begins as an investigation of a local mystery by would-be sleuths leads to the discovery of the Knights of Malta's involvement in terrorism and the shenanigans of the state department in Latin America during the Reagan administration. The book is cheerful, romantic at times, and full of surprises. Readers who like upbeat conclusions will not be disappointed.

Double Trouble is available in paperback from the publisher at <<https://www.createpace.com/3450181>> and also from Amazon.com in both paperback and Kindle format. ISBN: 1-45283-629-9.

Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT

Editor Comments: *Jim has been a many times contributor to our pages in bygone years. He retired from Eastern Connecticut State University in 2003 after 45 years of teaching literature. It sounds as if he found much material for his first novel in that environment. We congratulate Jim on being published.*

Windjammers at Penobscot Marine Museum

Maine's windjammers are the subject of a new exhibit at Penobscot Marine Museum that opened July 1. "Earning Their Keep: Maine's Windjammers" includes historic photos, artifacts, ephemera, videos, schooner models, and rotating exhibits by contemporary marine photographers.

"Maine's windjammers are the largest commercial sailing fleet in the world," said museum curator Ben Fuller. "They're still sailing, not because of the efforts of some marine preservation society, but because their skippers are making them pay their way." Fuller added that the passenger-carrying schooners played a major role in establishing Maine's modern reputation for coastal tourism, and they continue to be an important part of the Midcoast region's economy.

The first rotating exhibit to open the show featured the photography of Benjamin Mendlowitz of Brooklin, Maine. Mendlowitz is renowned for his work in *Wooden Boat* magazine and his annual *Calendar of Wooden Boats*. The Mendlowitz exhibit ran through August 3, followed by photographers Michael Kahn (August 5-24), Fred LeBlanc (August 26 through September 14), and Neal Parent (September 17 through October 24). Historic photos, ship models, and artifacts of the windjammer trade will remain on display throughout the exhibit.

Penobscot Marine Museum is Maine's oldest maritime museum and home to the state's largest display of historic boats and outstanding collections of marine art and artifacts, ship models, and historic photography. Its campus, including four ship captains' homes, two boat houses, a town hall, a carriage house, and other buildings, recreates a bustling coastal village during the Age of Sail. Activities and exhibits for children and year-round adult programs make it a special place for family visits and history enthusiasts. Admission is free for Searsport residents.

Penobscot Marine Museum is on US Rt 1 in Searsport, Maine, between Camden, Bangor, and Mt Desert Island. More information is at www.PenobscotMarineMuseum.org or call (207) 548-2529.

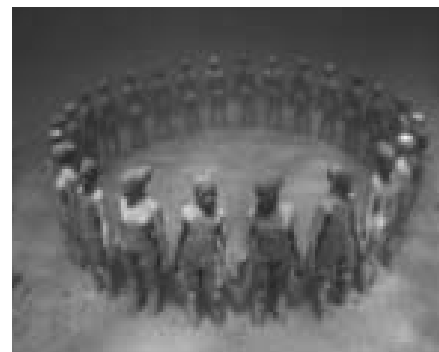


Underwater Sculptures

The inshore and offshore waters of the world have been, and still largely are, a wonderful playground for those who go boating, fishing, swimming, diving, and snorkeling. In clear island shoal draft lagoons like the turquoise waters off Grenada in the eastern Caribbean off Mexico, sculptor Jason deCairies Taylor brings to life hidden underwater worlds through the placement of life-sized figures he produces, each with a story to tell. With the approval and help of island officialdom (the island of Grenada as an example) they are then set singly, in pairs, or in groups, on heavy bases which are then lowered into comparatively shallow clear water lagoons that bring delight to a blossoming trade of visiting divers and snorkellers, as well as to glass-bottom boat onlookers above.

Those not aware of the work of Jason, should look at his website, info@underwatersculpture.com. The website is an absolutely fantastic one.

Mark Steele, Auckland, NZ



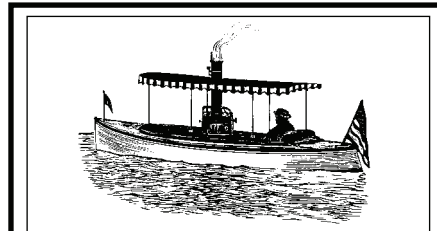
This Magazine...

Enjoys Dan Roger's Stories

I have been enjoying your magazine for years now and wanted to let you know how much I look forward to each issue. I'm sure that there are a lot of people like me who will probably never get to live out their sailing dreams except through the pages of your magazine. Thank you for your work.

I have really enjoyed in particular the stories by Dan Rogers.

Stan Roberts, Round Rock, TX



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Of Boats on the Collar

How it was in One Newfoundland Fishing Community

By Hilda Chaulk Murray
2007
Flanker Press
PO Box 2522, Station C
St Johns, NL A1C 6K1, Canada
\$21.95

Reviewed by: Ron McIrvin

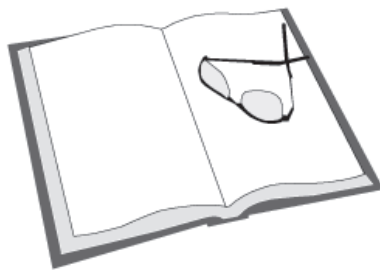
The Eastern Newfoundland coast attracted settlement because of the seal and excellent cod fishery. As early as 1774 the rugged shore was sprinkled with small towns located near small coves and inlets where access to the water with small boats was possible. Murray's book thoroughly traces the history of this fishery through the story of a couple of small towns, Elliston and Maberly, from the earliest times when cod were plentiful to the present when cod fishing is not allowed. The story of these towns mirrors what happened all along this coast in dozens of other places and gives a real look at how life was for those rugged folks who lived and worked along Newfoundland's Eastern shore.

The people, fishing methods, shore equipment, and the boats used are discussed. Considerable space in the book is devoted to the design and construction of the boats used in the fishery. Out of the nine chapters in the book, five cover the boats used by the fisherman. The boats used in the early days, before 1920, were sailboats and rowboats. After the introduction of the gasoline engine, the sailboats vanished and rowboats and motorboats remained. The boats ranged in size from 12' to 18' for the Rodney rowboat, to 25' to 30' for motorboats, and 40' to 50' for the early sailboats used in the seal fishery.

Both design by model and mould are covered. Construction of the boats is described in detail, starting with getting the wood from the forest, sawing planks from squared logs with a pit and hand saw, and shaping and assembling all the various parts of the boat with hand tools only. The boats were carvel planked, ruggedly built, and good looking craft. The small communities along the Newfoundland coast of this story all had men skilled in boat building. As a result, the fishing boats were built close to the waters in which they fished.

The first method used for commercial cod fishing was a single hook and line. This method was practiced still by a few fisherman in the 1940s and '50s but by that time most had changed to nets, either seine or trap. Both of these methods involve anchored nets not too far from shore. Trawls were also used. They resemble modern long lines and consist of about 18 single baited hooks dropped 6' and spaced 10' apart along the long line. These lines either floated near the surface or were anchored on the bottom. Murray includes detailed descriptions of all these different fishing methods complete with many pictures and sketches of the different set-ups.

Each skipper and his crew had a "fishing room" to handle his catch and com-



Book Reviews

plete the curing process so he could sell his catch. Murray includes several good pictures of these facilities so the reader can readily understand what was done each season. A key part of the "fishing room" was the "stage head" or wharf, where it was deep enough to tie up the boat and offload the catch. This part of the facility had to be rebuilt each year as winter storms usually damaged it. The fish were offloaded at the stage head, cleaned, split, and salted in a shed on the stage head, then moved to the main stage shed until time to dry the fish and complete the cure.

As these small communities were isolated (there was no Safeway), along with all the fishing work there was also subsistence farming. Every fisherman in town was allowed ground suitable for raising the required amount of vegetables to get through a year, carrots, turnips, cabbage, and potatoes. Also, if a family had animals, cow, sheep, goat, and horses' pastures had to be maintained and hay put up for winter feed.

This is an interesting book. It describes in detail what life was like along the rugged Newfoundland coast when families supported themselves by fishing with small boats, living year-round next to the sea where they fished. There are 130 good pictures, 30 sketches, and 12 maps.

Murray really knows her subject, as she was born and raised there during the active years of that fishery.

A collar? That's a section of water away from shore with good bottom holding ground to anchor a boat overnight.

The Survival of the Bark Canoe

By John McPhee
Review and Remarks by Dan Rogers

I've managed to get myself wrapped up in a project that has absolutely nothing to do with boats. I've been trying to master a contraption that spans the gulf from Roman siege engine to medieval crossbow. In order to nail $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick oak flooring to the subfloor of our shore dwelling here amid the pines, one must carefully align the foot of a machine rather similar in weight and outline to the hydraulic bottle jack I use to change tires on my truck, wield a lead and rubber mallet that compares closely to the sledge I use to break up no longer wanted concrete, and demonstrate the craftsmanship

normally reserved for creating fine furniture. There's a lot more to it, I discover. But, it all has to do with various joint and sinew pain. Perhaps you know the drill. Anyhow.

My more-literate-than-I friend, Mike, had recommended a series of book titles a while back. Perhaps he has gotten the idea that, since moving from our houseboat in San Diego to this place anchored quite high and dry in the uplands of NE Washington State, we don't have anything else to do but sit by the fire and watch the snow fall and doze off with a book on our laps. Well, that idea sort of seemed like the thing to do this evening, after another session with the Evil Crossbow. One of those titles has been sitting dangerously close to the Motrin bottle on my desk for a while now.

Sometime in the early 1970s a rather remarkable author, John McPhee, met up with a rather remarkable canoe builder, Henri Vaillancourt, in an otherwise forgettable little burg, "...the intersection of New Hampshire 31 and Mill Street, Greenville, population 1,600, a mill town sitting on hillsides, divided by a stream." The result was first offered as a serial in the *New Yorker* magazine and since published and reprinted in book form as *The Survival of the Bark Canoe*.

All I gotta say is, that in a little over 100 pages, John and Henri manage to capture the very essence of this thing we refer loosely as "messing about in boats!" Finally, vicarious soulmates for the lot of us who cringe every time our little pram bounces unexpectedly on a beach rock. Finally, a cogent explanation for the connection we feel for that overtly inanimate object others dismiss with, "it's just a boat..." Right there in that little book, written over 35 years ago, was a simple description of the whole thing most of us feel and begin to take for granted. John and Henri have joined forces with a couple of Henri's boyhood friends for a 150-mile paddle, portage, and "frog" trip amidst the wild Allagash country of northern Maine. Frog? "...we are literally in the water. As it pours toward us, it is too shallow to be paddled, too shallow to be poled. There is nothing to do but frog it, get out of the canoes and walk them up the current." Frog.

This is the meat of the matter for anyone among us who has watched some other knucklehead bounce his bass boat off a public dock, leave a rented sailboat to grind her topsides against a protruding nail or bolt head, or scuff his street shoes across a seven-coat varnish job. I do believe the discomfort we feel is pretty well summed up in a short passage from this short, but well-crafted, book.

"Often it is necessary to heave rocks aside to create a channel wide enough for the canoes. On many of the rocks are heavy streaks of paint or aluminum left by hundreds of canoes that have come banging down this river in varying levels of water under the care of people who did not give a damn what they hit.

What comes home once more at the sight of those aluminum-covered rocks is the world of difference in the way we feel toward our canoes, and it is the central pleasure of this trip: we care so much about them. We scrape a little, too, and it can't be helped. 'Tant pis,' as Henri says. Bark leaves no marks behind. Warren, leading, voraciously sculpts the river, kicking stones aside, lifting rocks so large they appear to be ledges and stuffing them into the banks. Then he hauls the canoe up the freeways he has made. Henri walks behind with a rope in his hand. It is tied to the stern, which he moves from side to side as if the canoe were a horse on a halter."

And that's the deal. Even if it was a horse or some other beast of burden we are talking about, there is still no value in mistreating it.

In this example Henri is the guy who makes better-than-the-Indians birch bark canoes. He uses a minimum of hand tools and a great deal of patient skill to craft fully functional and completely authentic canoes a 17th century French Canadian voyageur would be completely at home with. He carefully splits the spruce roots required to lash his thwarts to his inwales. He searches the forest for just the right bark tree, just the right cedar for frames. Each of his creations becomes a living thing, made completely from living things. No plastic. No nails. No machine stamped and riveted hulls for him.

But, even for those of us who live in a time well past the "if God had intended metal (fiberglass, plastic, cement, rubber) boats. He would have made metal (fiberglass, plastic, cement, rubber) trees" mentality, there is still what should be a strong sense of connection.

While a boat can serve well to haul things from place to place, provide a location to drink beer and drown worms from, and be platform for sun burning, it should still be OK to think of her as a member of the family. A friend. A piece of functional art. Something to be enjoyed like, well, a good book.

Know what I mean?

A White Boat from England

By George Millar

Reviewed By Derek Van Loan

The first boating book I ever read I found in my high school library, and if ever a boy needs an escape it is during those years. *A White Boat from England*, by George Millar, remains among the best I've ever read. 2010 will be the one hundredth anniversary of Millar's birth and he deserves to be remembered. He did much more than sail. After schooling he served in an architectural firm, but became a journalist. He was in Paris in this capacity at the beginning of World War II. Joining the Army, he was captured early in the war in Africa, escaped from an Italian prisoner of war camp, and made his way across France and Spain back to the UK. Then he parachuted back into France to fight alongside the Maquis.

His first cruising book, *Isabel and the Sea*, is the account of sailing and motor-

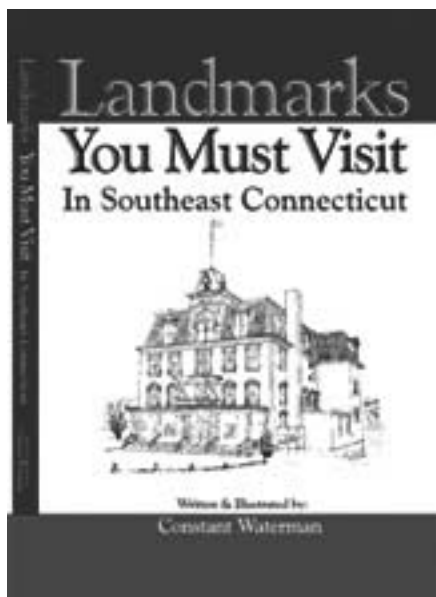
ing a heavy old ketch from England just after the close of the war, down through the canals of France to Greece with his wife. It provides a great insight to post-war Europe. Millar and his wife were both proficient in French and Spanish and tell of other intrepid cruisers they met along the way. One, Gwenda Hawkes, who set records in Morgan three-wheelers in the '20s, deserves a biography of her own. They had lunch with Maugham and developed a friendship with the artists Lucian Freud and John Craxton in Greece.

In the early '50s the Millars again set out for Greece, this time aboard a lovely, large cutter, *Serica*. This time they sailed offshore and through the Straits of Gibraltar. They anchored in Brittany, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Gibraltar, and the Balearics along the way. Millar is most modest, minimizing his nautical knowledge, and though he'd been in mortal combat, behaving with the greatest restraint during stressful situations. He is at his best when relating his own and the personal dramas of those they met.

In 1979 he authored *Road to Resistance*, a thrilling account of his experiences behind the lines during the war and the story of his life before and after. George Reid Millar (1910-2005) wrote and lived very well.

Landmarks You Must Visit in Southeast Connecticut

By Matthew Goldman
Soft Cover - 6" x 9"
155 pages - \$11.95



Regular featured columnist ("Constant Waterman") Matthew Goldman has self-published a new book that should be of particular interest to readers in southern New England. *Landmarks You Must Visit in Southeast Connecticut* consists of 55 finely wrought pen and ink drawings accompanied by brief historical sketches, and hand drawn maps with keys.

Any visitors to this scenic region will want to enrich their stays by sampling our heritage and attractions. Tour a castle, ride on a ferry, visit "the finest small museum in the country," walk the decks of a tall ship, watch a whale have lunch! Visit that same customhouse where the Africans from *La Amistad* first landed! Ride a steam train along the Connecticut River! Stroll the memorable gardens of a manor house by the sea! Listen to chanteys at one of the oldest taverns in the country!

Travelers from all over, as well as local residents, visit Mystic Seaport, Goodspeed Opera House, Gillette's Castle, and Mystic Aquarium. Learn more of these famous venues and discover lesser known but exquisite landmarks; bridges, churches, libraries, light-houses, theaters, and galleries. Those of you who live here can capture the beauty and legacy of your favorite landmarks. The engaging pen and ink illustrations make this unusual book the perfect gift. Sixteen hand drawn maps will help locate each of the 55 landmarks pictured, whether driving, or walking,

or biking, or boating. Precise contact information enables planning rewarding visits. Take this book along wandering our historic towns in scenic southeastern Connecticut!

"Constant Waterman," aka Matthew Goldman, grew up in East Haddam and presently lives in Stonington. Besides his familiarity with these landmarks, he has published numerous stories, plays, and poems, and illustrated over 100 cards. His first illustrated book, *The Journals of Constant Waterman: Paddling, Poling, and Sailing for the Love of It*, was released by Breakaway Books in 2007. His books and cards can be purchased at shops throughout southeastern New England and at www.constantwaterman.com.

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A standing start, knee-deep in the water.



Peter Vermilya, Cortez melonseed.



Bob Bloomquest, Bolger schooner



Dave Gray, the Polysails man, Puddle Duck Racer.

Mark Stewart, small tri *Shark Bait*.



5th Annual Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival

By Dave Lucas

This was a really fun day, the weather was good. The gunkholing trip planned for afterwards was canceled due to bad weather but Saturday was fine. The great pictures were taken by Ellen Thayer on the show boat, *Packard*, thanks Ellen. The race was run in an unusual way, I ran it so that's no surprise. The start was from a standstill, the picture of all of us standing in the water holding the boats is cool. We circled the islands twice and finished by ringing a bell on the beach. There were a couple of really good foot races to the bell.

I also was charged with declaring the winners. The first three boats to finish were the Cortez melonseeds, as usual. There was a Sea Pearl 21 in there but I decided he didn't count. My nephew Steven, sailing *Laylah* with my son Jamie as crew, was first to ring the bell but I decided to give the win to Peter Vermilya, second to finish in *Miss Kate*. He was right on Steven's ass but had a problem halfway through the race when his rudder fell off and he ended up in the mangroves until he got it back on. Steven did make a great showing since he's new to this sailing stuff.

The big boats (over 20') put on a good show. Howard's *Tricia Marie* edged out Bob Bloomquest in the schooner *Scoona* but I gave it to Bob because he's a Yankee sailor and not used to the shallow water. Every time he was about to pass us he knifed his dagger board into the mud. We had fun laughing at him but he really was faster than us in these conditions.

The small boat win and grand championship went to Marie Cobb in the 10' *Bonito*, about the smallest boat in the fleet after the Puddle Duck Racer, and she whipped a lot of larger boats and had to make a diving leap at the bell to beat out Jeff Moates.

There were six kayaks which were impressive going around the islands but none stayed for the awards so I didn't count them. The man of the day had to be Bob Walden in a 6' long rowboat, he was eighth to finish. If I missed any of you, don't blame me. Hank Will was the fantastic starter and finisher and it got hectic on the finish dock, it was really fun watching the race to the bell.



Howard Heimbrock, 20' Cortez melonseed.



Marie Cobb, DC-10 *Bonito* designed by Douglas Cooper.



Jim Hanson, Nutshell pram.

Ron Gryn, Gil Smith Long Island catboat fiberglass reproduction by Legnos.





Ed Cobb, Pelican.



Tom Busenlener, Phoenix III Beach cruiser, *Rascal*.



Allen and Judy Boyes, modified John Gardner designed *Fat Boat*, based on a Swampscott dory.

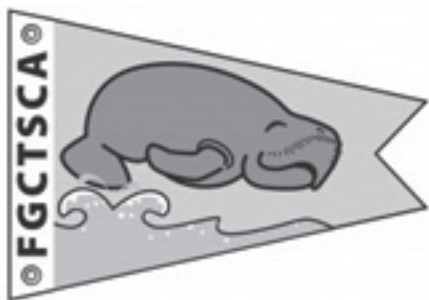


Spritsail Skiff *Sallie Adams* built at the Florida Maritime Museum Boatshop in 2002.

Jay Ludvigh, *Time II*, his personally designed and built Cedar Key 15' dinghy.



Steve Crebb, Chesapeake sharpie skiff just launched Chapelle documented sharpie built by the Crystal River Boatbuilders Chapter of the TSCA.



Eric Devoe, sharpie.



Rex & Kathie Payne, Birdwatcher.



Stan Terryll, modified Nancy's China.



Mike Jones, enlarged Windmill.



Nick Jaeger, self-built 13' melonseed designed by Marc Barto.

Curt Bowman Drascombe.





Stacy Smith's beautiful watercolor of the Small Boat Meet at Cedar Key.



Small boats and canoes beside the Island Place.



Tosh's new back porch and ladder on *Strider*.

Howard Welch and Ray Williams bring their Jarcat 6m to the beach.



10 – *Messing About in Boats*, August 2010

Cedar Key Small Boat Meet

By Ron Hoddinott
(Cedar Key, Florida)



What the heck are all these boats doing here?

Crossing over the #4 bridge on Hwy 24 into Cedar Key is always like coming home. The islands spread way out into the Gulf and are surrounded by salt marsh and oyster beds. When exposed to the sea breeze by the low tide, the aroma is all old Florida fishing village, which it once was. Those of us who have salt water in our veins are attracted to scenes like this, and it was obvious when I pulled into the Island Place on an early May Friday that many others were drawn here by the charms of Cedar Key! I have never seen the Island Place beach so crowded on a Friday! There was also an overflow crowd over by the Faraway Inn and at the Gulfside Motel.

Steve Morrill, Dale Niemann, and I were sharing a condo at the Island Place so we launched and rigged *Shadow* and *Lively*. With two good friends hauling two good boats, I was able to drive my little Honda Civic to the event and save on fuel expenses!

This must have been the year for West Wight Potters at Cedar Key! Steve and Barbara Kane had sailed their Potter 19 *Kanaloa* from Clearwater! Pat Sammons had his spanking new P-19 anchored off the beach. Ted Jean was there with his Potter 15, Eric



Dave Thomasson cons his sharpie into the beach.

Dave Lucas sails his dog to Atsena Otie Key.





Cadenza, Larry and Karen's SeaPearl 21.



Wes White on the left getting his proa ready.



Terry Poling's electric *Skerry* buzzes in.

Presto! a Marsh Hen.



Hughes, who is the East Coast rep for International Marine (Potter builder), had a beautiful blue Potter 15. In addition, Jose' Rodriguez and family had their International Marine-built Sanibel 18 on the beach.

SeaPearls were there in numbers as usual: Steve's *Shadow*, John and Colette's Tri, Paul and Dodi Waggoner's *Wing-It*, Larry Whited and Karen's *Cadenza*, Wayne and Patty Brecka's new *Seminole*, and Gary Hirsch's *Silmaril* were soon out making passes at the islands. Ernie Brown brought his *Mimi* from Tennessee for the first time, Jeff and Diana Lackey brought *Moon Pie*, Bill McCollum had his SeaPearl there, also for the first time. Kurt and Barbara Bleakley brought their SeaPearl, and Tosh from Georgia had his *Strider* at anchor near the bridge featuring a new aft canvas cabin covering the rear cockpit. Dr Veena Antony turned out with her new Tri-Sport!

Rex and Kathy Payne, who moved to Florida from Indiana last year, brought along their Birdwatcher II, *Frances E*, now with a sailing rig. Mark and Katie Steward appeared with *Shark Bait*, his unique kayak trimaran! Dean Pacetti had his Slider Cat, *Honu*. *Honu* recently attended the Indian River Lagoon outing, and everyone was impressed with her performance.

Also first timer (I think) at Cedar Key was Harry Jordan's sloop rigged Caledonia yawl. He was out there on Saturday pacing the fleet and looking good! Noel and Cristi, of "Furled Sails" podcast fame, were sailing their Jim Michalak *Woboto* with lug rig. Tom Busenlener sailed his Phoenix II design, *Rascal*, thus participating in all three Florida west coast small boat events in April and May, moving up the coast from Cortez to Crystal River and on to Cedar Key! Tom lives most of the year in Mississippi and we hope the Gulf oil spill spares his local shores! Larry Frow was slipping along in his Stevenson Weekender *Salty II*, and Howard Welch brought his JarCat 6 out from Gainesville with Ray Williams as crew. Tony Silvera, a CK resident, sailed his Hobie 14 out to the beaches with a small cooler in a rack on the bow!

New to Cedar Key this year was Geoff Chick with a 9/10th scale *Yakaboo II* cat yawl, modeled after Fredrick Fenger's famous canoe that made fast passages throughout the Caribbean in the early 20th century. Geoff said he used a hull design program by Greg Carlson. Jeff Carr, who happens to be a neighbor of Bill Fite, was enjoying the event with his new Crawford Melonseed. Jeff joined the Squadron and plans to attend our events this year! Channing Boswell of EC Fame had his Blue Jay *Mullet* and his wife Jamie was sailing a Minto dinghy that looked like a lot of fun!

Perennial attendees Bernard and Genise Spenle brought their lovely sloop *Kram*. Nelson Bennett had his Bolger Featherwind sailing well, and Bob and Martha Slack had their Drascombe Scaffie *Pish Tosh* out there. Jay and Susan Ludwig had their Cedar Key 15 sailing well. Dr Jay, as we call him, designed the CK 15 for these conditions, and she excels in them. He has two rigs for her, with the larger one for light air, of course. Bob Wood couldn't make it this year or else there would have been two of these lovely boats dueling it out!

Oggie Helt got into the fun with his yellow sailing canoe and could be seen keeping pace with the canoes from Michigan led by



Geoff Chick with his *Yakaboo II* cat rigged sail canoe, 9/10th replica of Frederick Fenger's original!



Ted brings in his WW Potter 15 to the beach.



Nelson Bennet's Bolger Featherwind.

Jeff Carr's new Crawford Melonseed.





Neat looking boat, didn't get any information on it though.



Our host at Friday night's open house, Bob Treat sailing his Chappiquiddick 12.5 catboat.



Bernard's Kram Oughtred sloop.

Wow! *Birdwatcher*, Bill McCollum's SeaPearl, sailing canoe, and Harry Jordan's Caledonia sloop.



Hugh Horton and Ron Sell. There were several new Bufflehead canoes, including the Bell Brothers' from Florida. Steve Kingery brought along the sharpie from the Crystal River TSCA, hand built with 1980s tools, and Steve Wood was also there with his Bay Hen 21. There was also a Marsh Hen named *Presto* but I didn't get to meet the owner. Wes Wight was sailing his proa on Friday, but I didn't see him on Saturday. Terry Poling had an interesting Skerry there with an electric drive. He was zipping all around, and Dave Thomasson brought his 18' sharpie instead of his SeaPearl this year.

The beautiful handmade boats from Cortez were brought by Dave Lucas and Howard, the Melonseeds and the big 20' foot gaff-rigged Melonseed *Tricia Maria*. Stan's cat rigged Nancy's China captured a lot of attention!

Eric and Jane DeVoe's new John's Sharpie was attracting a lot of attention, especially from the folks who like to build boats! Eric did a super job of it and completed her in time for all the small boat events this spring!

The Friday night party at Bob and Geri Treat's was special as usual, with Bob helping to repair a wooden hiking stick in the shop that Dale Niemann snapped accidentally. Epoxy works wonders again! This year I rented a four-person golf cart for Friday and Saturday so we could ride to the party and breakfast. Saturday's breakfast at Cooks Cafe was back to its normal goodness, having survived a disaster of a cook last year. When we first zipped by on Friday we thought it was closed, which didn't surprise us, but it was only closed for the night. We ended up at the dockside open air restaurant and enjoyed the beer, fish sandwiches, hamburgers, and waitresses, in that order.

Saturday was all sailing, some not coming up for air! Steve and I came in about 3pm and put the boat back on the trailer, Steve having had enough of "Bumper Boats" in previous years at the Island Place beach front! Most went out to dinner and met afterward in front of the Gulfside Motel, where we usually meet. There were tons of members and friends there, but the light in the shelter was burned out so it was hard to see who exactly was who! We managed to sell the rest of the Squadron Tee Shirts, and I gave away some of my new musical CDs.

Sunday was way too windy for most of us and the boats went back on the trailers. I headed to Clearwater about 1pm with Steve Kane aboard to pick up his truck and trailer so he could recover his Potter 19 without sailing her all the way home!

Editor Comments: To view these photos (and others) in full color open the following URL: <http://ftp.ij.net/wctss/wctss/photos54.htm>



Eric Hughes' *MoonBeam* with Pat Sammon's new Potter 19 behind.



Larry Frow's Stevenson Weekender.



Hey, the *Highland Lass* was out there, too!



Wayne rowing *SeaPearl Seminole*.

Dale and Phil chasing John and Colette.





Lug rigged Woboto vs. gaff-rigged melonseed.



Dean Pacetti's new "Slider Cat" chasing Harry's Caledonia yawl.



Hmm. looks like Pat Sammons is at the helm of Steve Kane's WW Potter *Kanaloa*!



Noel Davis sails the Michalak Woboto on starboard tack.



Are you done yet?



Kurt and Barbara's Sea Pearl.



Alan's "Fat" Swampscott dory from Maine.



Not yet, pelican. Gotta have a Coronita to celebrate another great Cedar Key Small Boat Meet!



Sailing canoes! Hugh Horton second from right in *Bufflehead*!

The 40th Annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

By Bob Hicks

A year ago in my report on this “revived” event in 2009 after a year off in 2008, one participant was quoted as saying, “Great to see you at the great John Gardner SCW Revival last weekend in Mystic. I was much rejuvenated in my small craft psyche.” I concluded my report with, “It would be nice if this rejuvenation of small craft psyche reached out to more who value such boating in 2010.”

Well, it didn’t. These photos tell the story better than any words could.





Amanda holds the bow down: Note the brave girl leaning into the waves to balance the boat.

It's tough being a boat nut out here in Salt Lake City in the arid west, where the nearest ocean is perhaps 800 miles away and the few reservoirs within driving range of town are crowded with jet skis and their mindless operators. The big glacial lakes found at the foot of the mountains are great places to mess about, but only during the two weeks of summer such spots seem to offer. Even the Great Salt Lake has a limited season, as the brine flies and algae become overwhelming by early June. The only place left for us to play is on the rivers, and in this steep country that water is often turbulent and covered in whitecaps.

Still, an inflated raft is kind of a boat, and a week long whitewater float trip is a swell adventure. By day, we admire the spectacular canyons and crash through the waves. At night, we camp on sandy beaches with a gang of friends, eat and drink too well, play music, and watch the kids run amok in the sand and mud. It's great fun, and for 25 years we have voyaged down the muddy Green and Yampa rivers, or driven north to the clear Salmon in Idaho, building our skills and confidence as the kids grew. Our ultimate goal was further south though, downstream from Lake Powell, where the Grand Canyon lies. This stretch of the Colorado is "Mecca" for Western river runners, being the longest float through the most exotic canyon, with the biggest whitewater anywhere in the country. The difficulty of getting there and launched only enhances the mystique of the place.

All major streams out west are regulated by federal agencies (USFS, BLM, or Park Service). Their management goals are to maintain the quality of the boating experience by limiting the number of people on the water, and to protect the resource by enforcing low impact camping techniques. So we need a permit to run overnight trips, and these are usually issued by lottery during the winter months. The Grand Canyon, however, just used to maintain a waiting list for its permits, and I had been on this since 1991. In 2006 my number finally came up. I had hoped to celebrate my son's graduation from high school with our trip, but he was halfway through a PhD by the time we got on

Ain't It Grand A Voyage Through the Grand Canyon (After a 15 Year Wait!)

By Steve Axon
Photos by Logan Axon

the water. Fifteen years is an amazing length of time to wait for anything in America, our land of immediate gratification.

The permit gave me some launch date options and spelled out the elaborate set of rules we had to obey. We were allowed up to 16 people in the party and could spend as many as 18 days to cover the 225 river miles in the Park. After the long wait, my goal was to make full use of this opportunity and to see and do as much as possible. There are wonderful side canyons to explore, clear streams to cool off in, and many famous sites to visit, like Vasey's Paradise, The Silver Grotto, Elves Chasm, and the Thunder River. We chose a May 19 departure, hoping to find the big flows of the summer combined with the cooler weather of spring. That date also matched the kids' school schedules, and the long hours of daylight were a plus as well.

Lake Powell, which drains into the Grand Canyon, does not irrigate anything, so the Bureau of Reclamation operates Glen Canyon dam for "peaking" electrical power. The flow is gradually ramped up during the warmer months of the year to power the air conditioners of Los Angeles and Phoenix. They also bring more turbines on line during each day as the temperatures rise. Long negotiations with the fishery managers and river runners have now limited these fluctuations to around 40% on any given date, and this manmade tide follows us all the way down the river. The peak arrives at a different time in each location, as the surge travels with the current at about 5mph. Rising water can float boats off the beach, or flood us out of a camp, but more commonly, dropping levels overnight leave the rafts high and dry. Having to drag the 800lb loads down to the water before breakfast

can go a long ways towards ruining our morning, so an anchor watch is often posted, and their job is to move the rafts up and down the beach all night, keeping them afloat.

Our party of 16 rode in a collection of eight rafts. The craft we use on our float trips include canoes, kayaks, dories, inflatable kayaks ("duckies"), and even the occasional pool toy. But the bulk of the load is always carried in 12' to 20' rowed rafts. Originally these were surplus military life rafts, but today all the boats are purpose-built for whitewater. The tubes have gotten bigger in diameter (16" to 22") so they ship less water, and the ends have been rolled up, to make the heavy load easier to maneuver.

The old "bucket" boats, with a sealed fabric floor, have largely given way to "self-bailers" today. These feature an inflated floor that's laced in so that the water can run out of a swamped hull. "Cataracts," with twin linear tubes held together by a frame, have become very popular as well. They are only half the price of a conventional raft and, with less wetted surface, are easier to row. Having no floor, they are inherently self-bailing, but they also tend to flush careless passengers and loose gear out that open bottom. Plywood and fiberglass dories are considered the best ride of all, since instead of flexing over big waves, these rigid boats surge upward and really launch their crews. But the hard hulls are not as forgiving as their rubber counterparts when they smack a rock, and they don't generally get as heavily loaded for this reason.

Whatever the type of craft used, each one is fitted out with frames, coolers, seats, and gear, according to her skipper's tastes. Our boats are generally blown up and assembled at the ramp. A two-cycle leaf blower, nozzled down to fit the valves, will do the job in a hurry. The packing strategy is to keep heavy objects low, but off the bottom so that the fabric is less likely to tear upon impact. Wood or metal frames sit up on top of the tubes and are lashed in place to steel "D" rings that are glued onto the boats with webbing. All the gear hangs from these frames.

The usual arrangement is to have a 160qt cooler in slings at the oarsman's feet, nicely



16' Cataract: Note proper sun clothing, spare oars ready to deploy, aluminum dry box under the passenger. Rower sits on his cooler, which is under a space blanket.



Awning: My Bimini hinges from two points near the oar locks. The aft end is tied, the front is tensioned by elastic cord which is hooked to the bow. Releasing one clip forward lets the shade fold back where it rests behind the rowing seat.



Cat with umbrella: Ray's boat is at the low-tech end of the spectrum.

Chuck recovers: Sometimes a nap is the only cure. 12' one-man boat. The modular frame is bent conduit, pinned so it can be taken apart for easy transport.



centering that massive load. Other heavy gear like food, canned drinks, and toilets sit on a central plywood floor hung from cam straps. Lighter stuff like tents, bedding, and clothing is usually stored in the aft section. Everything aboard must be lashed in well enough to stay put in a flip and packaged to withstand impacts. Passengers sit up front where they can see what's coming, then lean into the big rollers to help keep the raft upright.

I had a crew of two strong kids aboard, so experimented with giving each of them a canoe paddle to supplement my 10' oars. All the other captains rolled their eyes at this and said it would never work. Indeed, the rule of thumb on a four-man paddle raft is that the best coordinated of crews has three people overpowering the fourth. But Logan, Kate, and I worked well together and used our extra muscle to charge across channels, then drive hard through the big holes. If we just float slowly into these reversals, they tend to surf the raft back upstream, which can flip us. Our extra power was also an advantage when pulling into the wind, but it turns out the best reason for giving paddles to our crew is psychological. With a tool in their hands, people feel like they have some control over their destiny and are far happier charging off a waterfall. And paddling turns out to be a more wholesome release of adrenaline than simply screaming.

We don't do much rowing downstream anyway, unless we're fighting a headwind. Instead, we just "go with the flow" and let the river carry us along. When we do pull on the oars, we are usually maneuvering across the channel, placing our boats in the right bit of water to dodge something or trying to stay in the fastest flow. Rowing diagonally upstream (ferrying) is the best way to handle rapids that require more maneuvering. Pulling against the current gives us more time to react to the surprises ahead and, for once, we're facing where we're going as we row (the current is much faster than the boat's speed through the water). In really tight spots, another trick is to use the swirls or walls to get where we need to go. We can ride a hole across the channel, or park in an eddy while we bail and scout the next bit. A wave can be surfed to either side, and a wall or big boulder is often a handy thing to bounce off and spin.

On a long trip like the Grand, the campsites are not assigned, so it's first come, first served. An exceptional ethic has grown up within the commercial boating community here though, and the big motorized J rigs will always ask where we're headed as they pass you. Then they'll leave us the choice site we requested and park their gang of tourists in the mud if nothing else is available. Such high courtesy is amazing in this day and age, but the river guides think that we're doing it right, while they're just making a buck off the river.

We prefer to camp on sand, and the beaches are usually found at the mouth of the side canyons where flash floods have created deltas. These debris flows are also what forms the rapids, and we quickly learn that even if there's a great camping spot before the drop, we don't want to stay there. Camped above the cataract, we'll hear the beast roaring away all night and may not get much sleep, no matter how much anesthetic we imbibe. The roaring is a constant reminder that tomorrow, in the cool of the morning, we'll get soaked, flipped, or possibly even hurt by the rapid. So it's always a happier choice to run the thing, then make our camp on the downstream side.

Our breakfasts and dinners are cooked by a rotating pair of chefs. Lunches and drinks are left up to each individual. With 16 people and 48 meals on this 21-day trip, each team only needed to plan, shop, stow, and cook three dinners and three breakfasts. They know what cooking gear is available (spices, oils, big pots and skillets, grills and stacking Dutch ovens) and when their meals are scheduled, so can provide pretty gourmet fare, at least until the ice runs out. We don't plan on steaks or fresh veggies by dinner 18. We also have each evening's cooks prepare breakfast the following morning so that they can bake muffins or boil potatoes for hash browns the night before. More importantly, the same people who unpack the jammed kitchen box may then be able to fit everything back in when we load up.

Drinking water is filtered from the side streams, which are usually less muddy than the Colorado. If we must use the brown river water, it is scooped into 5gal bailing buckets and left to stand overnight before filtering so that most of the sediment load drops out. Big stainless Katadyn expedition pumps used to be the standard for these trips, and there would be a daily water crisis until someone volunteered to labor away at the pump (often for 30 minutes or more!). Nowadays, folks can lash up a series of canister filters and force water through them with an electric DC pump. The 12v system is driven by a small motorcycle battery which is recharged by an 18" square solar panel. In a really slick unit, all the pieces are fitted into a foam-lined briefcase with the solar panel mounted on the outside. If we lash that package on top of the raft, panel towards the sun, in a sunny place like Arizona we can get 20 to 30 gallons of filtered water daily with no tedious hand pumping. It's good technology, although all the pieces will run about \$500.

In summer, the canyon is so warm that many people sleep onboard their boats, enjoying the proximity of the cold water and the evaporative cooling that occurs in the dry air. Even in mid-May, when we launched, it was 106 degrees at Lee's Ferry. We arrived at first light, blew up and rigged the boats, then carefully organized and packed our tons of gear, all before 10am. Then came the long wait for the Park Service to check us through. The first person to run into the river to cool off was reminded that we were only a dozen miles below Glen Canyon dam, and the water they run through those turbines comes from hundreds of feet down. It was only 45°F and a dip into that stuff doesn't just cool us off, it hurts. Our head aches, our ears ring, and hypothermia is a mere 90 seconds away. So forget about a refreshing dip in the river. For the majority of the float, we do all our swimming and bathing in the side streams.

We at least were in long sleeved, light-colored clothing and big shade hats. The poor ranger had on her dark gray and green Park Service uniform, plus a heavy utility belt, with revolver, radio, bear spray, and other paraphernalia. To top it all off, she was wearing a bulletproof vest, out there in the middle of nowhere! We couldn't decide if this was some newly mandated federal craziness, or perhaps she was just showing solidarity with the troops in Iraq, who must work in the same sort of discomfort. In any event, she put us through three long hours of orientation before we were finally allowed to depart around 2pm.

River runners have to practice low impact camping techniques, since many of the sites are used every night during the boating season. That means metal pans to hold fires, filters for straining the wash water, and, of course, portable toilets. Tarps are laid under the cooking area to catch scraps that might attract insects. We haul out everything but our urine (which goes into the river), and try to leave no trace of our presence.

It's a successful protocol, but in an over-managed spot like a National Park it makes for a long, slow check list at launch. Besides PFDs and spare oars, helmets, throw bags, pumps, and bailing buckets, we need approved toilets, filters, ash containers and fire pans (even if we're not planning a fire). We must still have a shovel, too, though we are no longer allowed to dig with it. Each boat needs a minor first aid kit and the group needs a "major" one, complete with sutures and an epi pen. Then there are signal mirrors and orange helipad markers, satellite phones, and who knows what else suggested. It's a chore to remember all this required stuff, and a hundred miles to drive from the remote launch to replace anything we've forgotten. So getting checked through and given the OK to launch is usually the hardest part of a trip. Especially if the ranger is crabby from the heat.

At least the weather was benign and we had no need of our tents for the entire three weeks. This rain- and bug-free desert camping can be a revelation to folks used to wetter climates, and it is a real luxury to sit around in the evening in shorts and not have to swat anything. Our only serious concern was with the heat and the intense Arizona sun. We tried to plan our days so that the lunch stop included a hike and swim in some shady side canyon. And most of our rafts featured folding sun awnings of some sort, which can make a blazing hot day on the water far more pleasant. We also made sure not to arrive at camp until the cliff shade had reached the beach. With a good wall to the west, we often had four hours of light after "sundown," plenty of time for drinks, dinner, walks, and card games, all in shady comfort.

Our experienced crew dealt with the rapids well, though there were still a few lively moments. Chuck, in his sporty 12' Cataract, was feeling bored and immune by the time we reached "Crystal" at Mile 98. So rather than sneak down the left side with the rest of us, he tried to weave between the two huge holes that form the rapid. The edge of the first one spun him out of control, so he couldn't pull away from the second and wound up washing through the monster. His boat tumbled around and eventually washed out upside down. Agile Chuck was able to climb on top (catamarans are just as stable inverted) and ride downstream a couple hundred yards through the tail waves until the whole mess fetched up on a gravel bar. There, we got the gang assembled and flipped the 500lb rig back over (happily, it was our smallest boat). Everything had stayed lashed in so the only damage appeared to be to my two folding chairs. They had been tied on top and so had bumped along the rocky bottom, with the weight of the whole rig grinding them into a more streamlined form.

In another long rapid, Deb lost an oar, then bounced hard off a boulder. She emerged upright at the end of the run but both gals aboard were shouting for help. We rowed over to see what the problem might be and found them standing high on their load,

looking rather green about the gills. Turns out they'd smacked a 5 gallon plastic bucket hard enough to crack it, and the 2 week old fermented "organic waste" inside was oozing out into the bilge. A bailing bucket was quickly employed to provide an external liner for the broken container, and the next big rapids cleaned up the mess aboard. No problem.

There are two major milestones on any Grand Canyon float. The first is Havasu Canyon, Mile 157, which gave us a chance to hike up into Nature's version of a proper water park. A huge flow of mineralized spring water runs for 10 miles down the red sandstone gorge, with some major falls of over 100', and hundreds of smaller ones. Each pool of slow water deposits a travertine rim and eventually forms a lovely oyster shell for us to swim in. With its blast oven heat tempered by the lush shade of cottonwoods and turquoise water cascading all around, Havasu Canyon probably contains the 100 best swimming holes in America. The catch is that we're not allowed to camp here, so only have one day to explore this wonderland. It's a long eight-mile hike up to the big falls and Havasupai village, and an even longer slog back down to the boats. We must climb ropes and ladders, scramble up ledges, and ford the stream many times. One bit of trail even climbs up the flow stone under Mooney Falls, then through a tunnel and out onto the rim. Once we've made it back to the rafts at the end of the day, exhausted, we have to float off into the dusk and try to find an empty camp.

Twenty miles further downstream we come to Lava Falls, usually described as "the fastest navigable water in the world." I don't know how fast that water actually is, but the river drops 13' over 100 yards, and with a flow of 20,000 cubic feet per second, it's often just a matter of chance whether we come out right side up or upside down. Our jolly crew was uncharacteristically quiet the day before Lava and a lot of somber reflection and sullen drinking seemed to be going on that evening. Larry tried to lighten the mood by telling of disasters on previous trips, but no one was in the mood to hear about them. Eventually everyone went off to toss and turn all night.

We timed our arrival at the Falls to catch high tide, which was rumored to open up a sneak down the left side. The usual run is river right, into a pair of holes that stops and fills each boat. Then there's a huge wave coming off the bank that tends to roll each rig over like sod coming off a plow. This wave had tumbled my 16' raft like laundry in the dryer on a previous trip. After a long scout from the rocks above and a dozen urgent potty runs, we all tried to ride through in a line so that the latter rafts could at least learn from the mishaps of the boats ahead. What happened was that each boat simply dropped over the horizon line and disappeared, so it was every man for himself as usual. But the sneak really was there and we all made it through upright.

The change in mood, once we were past Lava, was remarkable and it was all smiles and laughter again. We floated on for three days past the usual take-out at Diamond Creek, avoiding the steep fees and grim washboard across the Hualapai Reservation. We got to see a few more wonders, play in the warm showers of Travertine canyon, and hike on the whorled formations of Gneiss Canyon. That decision also left us with eight miles of flat water to negotiate on Lake Mead. We had



Flying the Colorado: The first big rapid is House Rock. Larry and Leona in their 19' self-bailer. Note space blanket over cooler, netting over gear, and folded bimini.

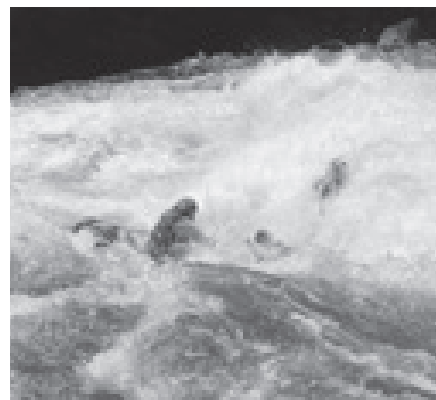


Big hydraulics: Ray's 14' cataract in some wild turbulence. Note pinned oars preferred in big water.



Bumpy road: Bryan and Amanda crest a big standing wave at Hermit rapids.

Deb falls into a hole: Where's the boat? Amanda is being really brave.





Kate pulls: This is marble canyon with vertical walls right down to the water.



Havasupools: Travertine swimming holes, cascading waters.

Mooney Falls: About six miles up Havasu from the river.



18 – *Messing About in Boats*, August 2010

hailed a 5hp outboard and gasoline 270 miles for this bit of the trip, planning to raft everyone together and barge out. Of course, the thing wouldn't start when needed, and handyman Chuck spent an hour playing with the motor, thinking the swim it took at Crystal had left water in the cylinder. But it turned out to be a clogged jet, one we didn't have the tools to get to, and so we eventually started to row.

Generally the afternoon breeze is up canyon and against us, driven by the rising heat of the day. On this occasion, though, after being pinned against a cliff for an hour by a thunderstorm, we had a rare easterly come wafting down canyon, the remnant of a weak front. Sails were quickly improvised from tarps, awnings, and bed sheets, and we blew down the lake those last miles to the ramp. I found I could tilt my bimini forward on its two hinged legs and make an efficient square sail, steering port or starboard by dragging either oar. I just couldn't see where I was going and had to post the kids up forward to tell me where to head. It was a lovely way to end the trip.

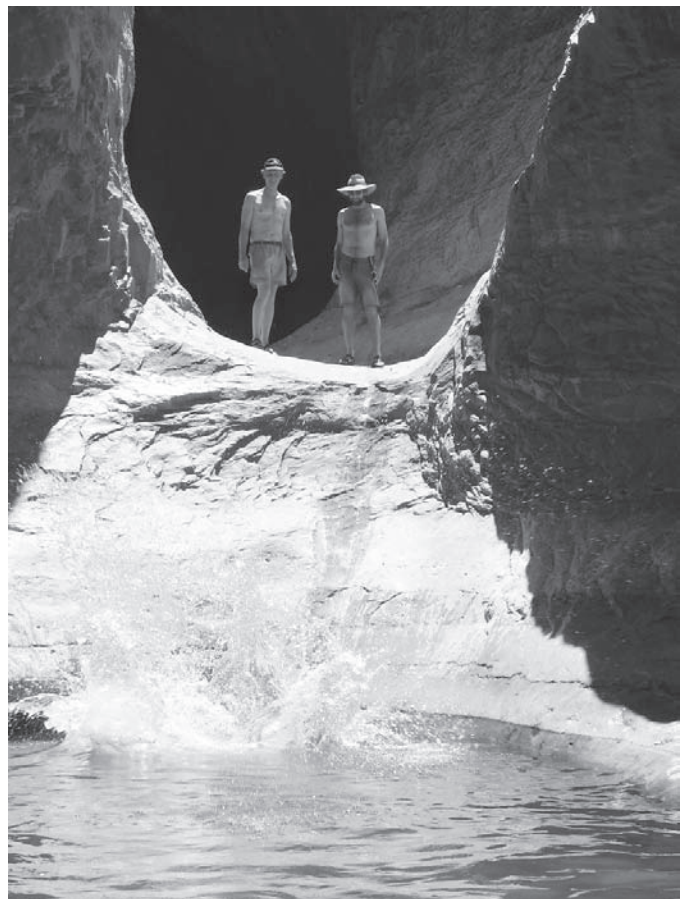
The takeout was another big effort, unloading, de-rigging, washing, drying and deflating the boats, sorting the gear, and getting everything into the right vehicles. Waste management is a huge deal on such a long trip, and the trash had been sorted as we went along. There were duffles of smashed cans (to recycle), buckets of organics (to compost), burnables (most of which had already been burned at camps), and inorganic waste (mostly plastic), which gets dumped. The six potties needed to get emptied, too, and we made

the mistake of using a Park Service "Scat" machine a couple of miles up the road from the ramp. This is a steel box fitted over a sewer with pumps and water jets run by automated controls. We strapped our open toilet to the hinged lid, then shut our mouths and ducked as we flipped the heavy thing over with a crash. Pushing a button starts the thing up.

Unfortunately, this Scat machine was 800' above the lake and the water pressure up there was really low. So the three-minute wash cycle took another 20 minutes to complete as we waited for the tank to slowly refill. The door latch was cleverly interlocked for safety and wouldn't open until that stupid tank was refilled. So we waited and waited, then inadvertently went through a second slow cycle after impatiently banging buttons while trying to release our toilet. We decided to clean the rest of the potties at a good old RV dump, and so were eventually on the road at dusk, ready for the 16-hour drive home.

Was it all worth the 15-year wait and huge production? You bet! Would I do the trip again? In a heartbeat. Am I back on the waiting list? No, but I probably should be. I now realize that for 15 years, a part of my mind was always looking forward to this big expedition and savoring the prospect. Though I have doubts about my aging body being up to the rigors of such a trip a dozen years down the line, I really should sign back up, if only for my mental health. Then I'd have the whole thing to look forward to again. After all, as any old campaigner will tell you, it's always the next trip that's the best one.

One way down: Silver Grotto. Sometimes we jumped down stuff we had to friction climb back up.





Elves chasm: A fine swimming spot where we could climb up behind the falls.



Brushing with beer: Jay addresses the water shortage.

Deb and Amanda: A sunny day and easy water.



Havasu swimming hole: Beaver Falls makes a nice spot to cliff dive.



Medicinal use only: Larry produces a half-gallon of bourbon from his first aid kit. He's the trip medic, so I guess he knows what he's doing.



Cocktails and haircuts: It's a long enough trip that hygiene demands must be met. Renee cuts Ray's hair, while the peanut gallery watches.



Logan leaps: Jumping from the falls at Elves Chasm.



Deer creek: Chuck and Logan waded down a slot canyon. This ends in a 100' falls.



On May 12 the usual gang of Norumbega Chapter WCHA trippers met at the launching site at Spencer Cove, just outside of Millinocket, Maine. John and Brendan Fitzgerald rode with me in the old Chevy with the two red Prospectors and most of the gear in the trailer, leaving the Newburyport, Massachusetts, Park'n Ride lot at 6am with the intention of a noon launch. John's Chestnut is the 17' Garry, my reproduction Prospector is the 16' Fort. The Dumas clan, David, Patrick, and Adam, along with Abby the dog, only had to drive from Gray, Maine, to get to the landing. They arrived first with the third Prospector, the big 18' Voyageur. David and Adam would be in it with Abby and lots of gear, Patrick would be my bow man in the Fort.

The plan called for a loop trip, starting and ending at Spencer Cove, paddling on Ambajejus and Pemadumcook Lakes, portaging to the Third Debsconeag Lake, another portage to the Second Debsconeag Lake, and yet another portage to the First Debsconeag Lake, finishing up with a run down the West Branch of the Penobscot River back to Spencer Cove with extra time thrown in for hiking and exploration. John and I, along with Brendan, did this loop three years ago in the opposite direction and we found that the upstream travel on the Penobscot was not the best choice, so this was supposed to be the easy way to do the trip.

Arriving at Spencer Cove we were thrilled to see that we were going to be enjoying a light tailwind on our first leg of the trip. This section included the big lakes, Ambajejus and Pemadumcook, which together create the fifth largest body of water in Maine after Moosehead, Sebago, Chesuncook, and Flagstaff lakes.

We coasted easily down the big lakes to our first campsite on Moose Island where the plan was to stay for two nights. Thursday our intention was to explore the trail between Pemadumcook Lake and Nahmakanta Lake to see if it would be possible to do a paddle and portage trip down the stream between the lakes. If possible, this could extend this loop into a longer trip that we could do at a future time. The trail between the two lakes is a portion of the Appalachian Trail that parallels Nahmakanta Stream. The plus of this is that now we can say that we have hiked on the AT. Of all of us, John is the only one with prior experience hiking the AT, having done much of the Maine portion but not the section we were on today.

Mount Katahdin looms in the background as Adam, Brendan, and Abby unload at our Moose Island camp.



Wilderness Canoe Trip Maine's Debsconeag Lakes

By Steve Lapey

Arriving at Moose Island our first chore was setting up the tents and getting ready for the evening meal. Finding firewood was no problem, Dave brought enough from his woodpile to get us through our stay on Moose Island and we had freighted it in the two larger Prospectors along with the gear. The afternoon temperature was pleasant, in the low 60s, but the overnight forecast called for a low near the freezing point. For once the forecast was correct, the small thermometer on my PFD read 35° when I crawled out of the tent in the morning. By the time we had breakfast and had the morning chores completed things were warming up, by midday we were approaching 70° under a bright sun.

It was a three-mile paddle to the west end of Pemadumcook, this time with a headwind, where we found a trail leading into the woods connecting with the Appalachian Trail with its white trail markers. We followed the trail for about two-and-a-half miles, checking on the stream conditions as we went along. The outcome of this hike was, yes, the stream is passable, but not realistically with our wood and canvas canoes. It could be done by using the AT to portage around the rougher areas, but getting from the river to the trail and back would be a major effort. This stream has tripping potential but synthetic canoes would be better suited for running it. Now we know and, should we choose to try the trip, we will bring the proper canoes for the conditions.



Nahmakanta Stream, along the Appalachian Trail, a little scratchy for our Chestnuts.

Our second night at Moose Island was almost as cool as the first night, but once again things started warming up as the next morning progressed. We were all fed and had our gear packed and loaded before 7am for our day of paddling and portaging. The destination for Friday night was the sand beach campsite at the east end of the First Debsconeag Lake. For starters, we had to paddle again on Pemadumcook to the portage to the Third Debsconeag Lake. This portage, one mile along a dirt road, was probably the easiest one of the day. Even though the road climbs 100' in the first half-mile, it is on a fairly even surface and one can walk along at a steady pace. The rest of the portage trails for the day were all shorter but over some very rough terrain. They are maintained only as snowmobile trails by the local clubs for use in the winter, usually under 2' to 3' of snow.

All of the Debsconeag Lakes are remote and pristine. They are rarely visited because of the lack of easy access which makes them perfect for us. We didn't see a soul on the Third or the Second Lake, there was another party camping on the First Debsconeag Lake but they were far enough away to not intrude on our privacy.

Arriving at the Second Debsconeag Lake we found the remains of an old wood and canvas canoe rotting away near the shore. It was all we could do to keep Fitz from bringing it home to add to his queue of restoration projects.



Fitz attempting to collect another restoration project.

David and Adam on the Third Debsconeag Lake with Katahdin in the distance. Clear skies and no wind, a perfect tripping day.



The First Debsconeag Lake campsite was to be our home for the next two nights. The site was at a sandy beach facing west, a perfect spot for watching the sun set in the evening. The sites on this lake are maintained by the Nature Conservatory and are very nice. They all have a privy, a fire ring, and a picnic table along with plenty of room for our three tents.

On Saturday we took a hiking trek to visit the Debsconeag Ice Caves and the scenic lookout along the north shore of the First Debsconeag Lake. The Ice Caves are underground caverns that are full of ice that almost never melts, even in late summer. Dave and the kids climbed down into the cavern, Fitz and Abby decided to wait with me at the top for them to return. When they did, we continued climbing the trail to the scenic lookout some 335' above the lake level. The view was magnificent, we could see nothing but wilderness for miles to the east, south, and west from the edge of the cliff.

After the Ice Cave hike we paddled from the lake into the West Branch of the Penob-

scot River up as far as we could toward Debsconeag Falls where we stashed the canoes and started hiking again along the woods road that also serves as the portage around the falls. At the base of the falls our fishermen found the trout and salmon biting, Adam caught four, Fitz caught one, and Brendan caught two. Patrick gave it a good try but the fish didn't want to take to his fly. Since we had no way to transport the fish back to camp for dinner, it was catch and release.

Once again, for this May trip, the bugs were a non-problem. We have found that most of the time there is a bug-free window between ice-out and Memorial Day when we can enjoy good tripping, the woods, and lakes pretty much to ourselves and the bugs are at a minimum.

Sunday morning we were on the water before 7am and headed down the West Branch. What a difference from the last trip! In 2007 we were five-and-a-half hours paddling and portaging upstream from Spencer Cove to the First Debsconeag Lake. This time, downstream, we covered the distance in

less than two-and-a-half hours with only one portage, 200 yards around Passamagamet Falls, a Class III run with a ledge drop that we had no business getting involved with.

For our final three miles on Ambajejus Lake we had a strong tailwind with huge rollers pushing us along. The big problem for the stern men was steering, keeping the canoes from broaching in the following sea. The extra freeboard on the Prospectors came in handy here, we didn't have a single splash of water come over the gunwales. Soon we were in the sheltered waters of Spencer Cove with the landing in sight, always a little sad, knowing that the trip is almost over.

At the landing, as we were loading up, a Maine Warden met us and asked if we were coming or going. When he was told that we had just paddled in from the First Debsconeag Lake he commented that he was warning people not to go out on the lake because the wind was really making it unsafe. My response was, "It wasn't a problem, these are Prospector canoes and they are made for this."

The First Debsconeag Lake and the Penobscot River from the scenic lookout 335' above the lake level.



Patrick and Steve coasting down the West Branch of the Penobscot River.



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Hoyt Swooper and Penguin in company.



John's lovely Skerry.

The Starvation meet, like all such affairs, started at the auto-trailer interface. Susan volunteered to pull a trailer and when we hooked it up, everything worked! I was pleased and astounded. My rig was, of course, a different matter. The outfit had set docilely at the patch since Kokopelli, when I thought it all worked. Now there wasn't a flicker in the trailer lights. Vigorous manipulation of the connector failed to produce radiation. Time for the meter. No detectable signs of life but the truck lights are glowing brightly. Could it be the meter? A flashlight battery produced a proper reading. But we are in the systematic, no stone unturned mode now.

Popping the hood determined that the \$1.99 Harbor Freight meter couldn't find a piece of a volt in the Big Guy. This is my first complaint with their meters. Even with a dead battery they should read voltage. At two bucks one can't afford to put a battery in them, but it pains me sorely to throw one away. However, one must drill out the screws to change the battery so I guess I will adopt the "American Way."

New meter in hand, there was still no fire to be found. It was getting late so I retired to wrestle with the problem "en cabeza." The truck came with a factory installed multi contact setup with electric brakes and other hot contacts. Also supplied was a converter to the usual four pole small trailer connector. The adapter checked out.

A couple of years back, when running east for the MASCF, we were bouncing down the long bridge that leads into Wheeling, West Virginia, when the trailer jumped off the ball. I got on the brakes gingerly and pulled off to the side, barely out of the travel lane. Still, the trailer jammed under the truck. With a steady stream of 18 wheelers inches from my

Volunteers unload Nina. Note dry hubs.



Starvation On Steroids 'Blowed Away

By Jim Thayer
Photos by Axon & Thayer
(Somewhere in Utah)

elbows, I managed to get the hitch back on the ball. The first lesson here is that one should always keep going until a safe pulloff offers. The safety chain will keep the trailer with you and surely you have a skid under the tongue to keep the hitch off the ground.

Well, the factory socket was torn out of its mount, but remarkably it still functioned. We operated for several years thereafter with the socket dangling from its wires. Appalled by this shoddy setup, an engineering type nephew worked on it while the rest of us were out sailing at Delta. I thanked him for getting the socket back in its bracket and everything was fine.

Now, flipping all this around in the mind, it occurred to me that there could be something wrong with the ground terminal in the socket. First thing in the morning I was out and put the probe on the chrome bumper. Voila! I had juice for the turn signals. So the ground was open somewhere in the damaged connector. No running lights either, but this should be a daylight trip. As soon as I get home I'll bring the connector up through the bumper where it belongs. Well, before Kokopelli.

We were off, nearly on time, for a rendezvous with Steven and friends in Fruita. We pulled into Indian Bay, the dry camp, to find Dewitt, John, and Idaron already settled in. The Hanks set up their great long trailer and, with years of experience, the gazebo crew erected their charge without incident.

The big deal this year was Dewitt's Swooper Duckah. As a result of various raids of the Collbran boat boutique, Dewitt had come into possession of three A Duckah! hulls, one damaged. I don't know whether he just couldn't pass up a bargain or whether he was guided by this benevolent brainstorm from the outset. In either case, last year he announced that he was building out three Swoopers for my three grandsons.

One hull was damaged in such a way that Dewitt saw it as a reverse transom plan-

ing boat. I had seen the beginnings of the thing on a visit to the SLC boat shop and the seed was planted. As luck would have it, I had a damaged A Duckah! hull on hand. It had blown across the yard and fetched up against the phone pole. Bare hulls have the same flight propensities as paper cups and plastic bags. I lopped off four feet, inserted a transom, and put on a lot of sealed deck for flotation. Little Willie Gale sailed it at Powell last year and had a great time.

The three hulls would be completed as gifts for my grandsons. John Gross was complicit in this project, probably crucial to completion. And so, Tanner has his own Swooper Duckah with Gary Hoyt's latest rig. John, with Tanner's help, rigged up the boat Friday evening. The unfamiliar rig required some close attention but I think can be tweaked for quick deployment. There was a short sea trial before supper called.

The Hoyt rig is a fore'n aft rig with about 20% of the area forward of the mast. The boom and yard are carried on arms 10" from the mast so that the mast doesn't deform the sail as on a lug rig and the leading edge is always in clear air. It seems to set very well in use but we will have to have some head to head competition to get a good reading. Axon didn't think it was as close winded as a jib-headed cat rig. We can't switch rigs because the step is too far aft.

The Saturday weather arrived well before dawn and by sunup the lake was a mass of whitecaps. Their generation continued unabated all day long and fierce clouds advanced from various quarters but never attacked. The Hank's trailer gave us a wall to windward and the gazebo was wrapped with tarps and blankets with guys to everything within reach. Not a boat went out, but the

Sunday residuals.



polar kids stayed wet a good part of the day. I sat by the fire and studied them as a distinct and peculiar species.

The Gales and Nicholsons had gone off to Port Townsend and were sorely missed. Some of the ladies took long walks. John and Cindy, with their pair of Hobie tris, left early as John's shoulder was painning him considerably. That's a story in itself, something about testing a big tow kite at a local park when a gust jerked him off his feet and he plowed turf but never let go. Everyone else survived until suppertime, which is the apogee of the Starvation's weekend, when we pay tribute, of a sort, to the hardy pioneers who named the place.

As usual there was food and drink to die for, or at least shorten one's life. No obesity, however, as standing up to the wind all day kept the body mass index under control. The wind did seem to ease somewhat as Dewitt's woodpile fueled a white man fire late into the night.

Sunday dawned with sun which was nearly snuffed in its cradle but fought back later. The troops, after a day of frustration, were out in force with many trying the Hoyt rig and the standard Swooper as well. Axon, well known boat testing authority, was quite complementary of the Swooper but critical of the rudder. He considers the area a little small and the slope of the transom, plus the slop in my 20d pintles means one can't let go of the tiller or it goes hard over. From my roost minding the fire, I reveled in the dance of sails upon the waters and tried to reach them with my telephoto.

In this telling it doesn't sound like a great weekend but there was good humor all around, the victuals were great, the company first rate, the kids busy and self directed, and no complaints, except the wind, which was accepted with grace. I never got on the water (not for want of offers) and never drank a single beer (not for want of supply) so I set some sort of personal baseline. I'm pretty sure there will be the same crowd next May. Hopefully the PT vagrants will sag south for some dry air.



Fallen sailors with boat porn (*ShowBoats International*), Bradley's term.

Cpts. Groves and Thayer with new Swooper



Dewitt charges ashore with Swooper



GMB Swooper with storage fore'n aft.

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On Stora Bosö after a perfect day on the water, the magic time between landing and lighting the cooking fire.—Photograph by Roger Barnes

Was there a period when we didn't know the Rudstroms, Arne and his wife Anne-Sophie? The time they spent preparing for our visit and then amazing us while we were there with their care and attention, nothing was too much trouble. I remember the emails we received weeks before as Arne counted us down to the date, "When I write this letter to you it is ten days left until you arrive." The effect was to keep us on our toes so that the trip became much more than the seven days from August 17 to 24.

It all began when Arne thought how pleasant it would be to cruise with others in open boats this summer. Fifteen kilometres from his home lies the bay of Braviken and the little village of Navekvarn, about an hour's drive south from Stockholm, where his boat club is located. However, in his words, "Swedish sailors are not very keen to use small open boats these days. But among my nautical books I have *Dinghy Cruising* by AG Earl and I have read articles by another Englishman, Roger Barnes..." Yes, we've heard of them both before. The upshot was that he googled dinghy cruising, discovered to his delight that the DCA still existed, and contacted Tony Nield in late January. Tony is also owed our thanks for responding to Arne's enthusiasm in kind and for maintaining our interest and the cohesion of the group throughout.

From Anglesey to John Lennon Airport, Liverpool, was the most tedious part of my travels. Once there, I met up with Tony, David Morton, and David Spensley and RyanAir deposited us at Skavsta Airport around midnight on the 17th, from where the indefatigable Arne picked us up in his car and trailer and took us to the hostel where Tim Evans, Roger Barnes, and Colin Brady

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

The DCA Discovers Sweden

By Keith Muscott
Reprinted from *DCA Bulletin* #204

were already settled. When Arne apologized for driving steadily in case we met elk on the road, I knew I had left Liverpool far behind. He was also apologetic about the four or five boats, they were somewhat old fashioned so the younger members of his club seldom had them in the water.

Old fashioned? Perfect. This is the DCA you're talking to. In fact, the boats were as individualistic and personable as the sailors. The matron of the group was *Klara*, built by Arne's father from a design drawn up in the 1930s to the lines of the traditional fishing boat, the *blekingsekan*, 17'LOA, spritsail, jib, and mizzen. We all took a turn rowing and sailing her, a loveable craft despite the expected moderate windward performance, although it wasn't too bad.

At the other end of the scale was another wooden boat which had been built by Peter Lord, an Australian veterinary who had settled in Sweden 20 years ago. This was *Vips* (Swedish for "presto!"), an Apple 16 which sports a modern lugsail yawl rig, carbon fibre-sheathed spars, and epoxy-plywood construction. Peter joined us at the hostel

after a week or so spent cruising in Finland. This gave a sailing complement of nine, and we actually cruised in four boats. The generosity of Arne and his Club meant that we paid for nothing except the hostel and provisions.

Outside the bay lies an amazing archipelago of islands which was to be our cruising ground, or at least the middle islands and the inner group south of Arkosund were. There are many of them, and many submerged reefs and exposed rocks between them. A chart on this page would be pointless. Colin Brady, who had spent the previous week cruising with Roger in a wooden Folkboat out of the Stockholm area, dismissed our qualms with what was to become a familiar Irish lilt, "Sure, there's far more water out there than islands. If you were to point the boat and set off blindfolded you wouldn't hit a thing." Which was comforting.

The islands are formed of glacier-sculpted granite in the main and the primeval pines, junipers, rowans, blueberries, mosses, and fungi, the "mossa och lavar," are undisturbed. Most of the rocky shores are steep-to, which means that landing entails dropping a stern anchor on the approach, then jumping ashore and tying a bow line around a convenient tree.

On Tuesday we walked around the deceptively peaceful and leafy village of Navekvarn, to discover it had a long industrial history that included iron forging and cannon production up to the 1820s, a sawmill, a watermill, an electric power plant, a butter factory, a flour mill, and last but not least, a distillery. The river had been the element common to all of these enterprises. The afternoon was spent in meeting the boats and enjoying the harbour and sailing club in the sunshine.

On Wednesday, August 19, we managed to get on the water by 1300h and set out to make friends with the archipelago, and what a cruising fairyland it is. After lunching out of the breeze in a bay which typically offered a shoreline of smooth whalebacks of pink and grey-stripped granite hedged in by thick pine forest, we threaded our way through islands to land by Marviken power station at 1515h. We had a guided tour which culminated in an overview of the area from the roof, 72m up. An exhilarating sail brought us back to Navekvarn by 2000h.

We left at 1245h on Thursday, tacking into a strong SE breeze. Arne had provided each boat with a chart which formed the basis of the briefing before we embarked each morning. The islands, bays, and sounds passed in idyllic sequence until we reached Stora Bosö at 1730h, an isle which actually boasts a jetty and a large shelter like a scout hut. Four of us walked right around the lovely shoreline, the ants taking the opportunity of my open sandals to raise red weals on my feet and the midges dining wherever there was bare skin. There were not many of them, but they made their presence felt.

We dined on chili-con-carne, the sun went down at 2040h, and we were in bed by 2200h; mainly in tents, but Dave Morton and I used the hut. He chose the floor of the kitchen and I ended up on a table, not for the first time. There was a bright and noisy thunderstorm overnight with plenty of rain, followed by a grey Friday morning, the only hiccup in a week's perfect weather. Two boats set out to replenish the food and water supplies, while Peter Lord and I stayed behind and collected firewood and blueberries, which were everywhere. Expert gatherers use the head of a lawn rake to comb the berries from the bushes into buckets.

After another night on Stora Bosö we sailed off to pass the power station again, then we slipped between islands and up a sound to Arkosund to lunch in civilized surroundings at 1345h. The village has an extensive harbour and marina and a diner which produced on demand large portions of chips, salad, hamburgers, and pizzas.

Afterwards we sailed on down the busy waterway that serves Arkosund and out onto more open sea where we felt a groundswell for the first time on the cruise. Dodging

back into the skein of islands further on, we saw and heard surf against the rocks as we entered a channel. Another first! The sailing was never physically demanding, but on this last leg I thoroughly enjoyed helming and sitting out *Vips*. Then we drew level with a popular haven for yachts on Kallhamn which was the signal to tack around the island to a more secluded beach opposite the haven on the other side of the narrow neck of land.

Once more dead pine branches gave an instant fire and there was beer, tea, and pea soup. The soup, made from yellow split peas, was obtained in plastic skins, looking just like haggis. It had been on special offer at Navekvarn Co-op, half-price. We'd bought a tankerful. "Kallhamn" means "cold harbour" and there was a niggling onshore breeze that night which made the wearing of jackets desirable and the log fire very welcome.

The morning dawned brilliantly sunny and hot. I explored the shoreline and was amazed by the flora, returning at 1000h to join Arne's guided tour across the island to a vantage point on the cliff which revealed a number of interesting landmarks away across the main shipping channel. Just a couple of weeks earlier the ghost ship *Arctic Sea*, which vanished for a while, supposedly hijacked and now the subject of an intriguing maritime mystery, might have passed through here.

We left Kallhamn at 1200h. I used the forward position on *Vips* for the first time to row her out of the bay. I thought she must have been down by the head because of the redistribution of weight, she was so lethargic. Then came a voice from the shoreline. It was Roger (who else?), "You've still got the anchor down. That's why she's difficult to row!" As *Vips* had been beached, the last thing I expected was a stern anchor! That was the last glitch, four hours of glorious sailing followed with the wind varying from flat calm to good working breeze, round islands, in and out of sounds, then following the main channel we made Navekvarn harbour by 1600h in time for beers.

The other boats were all in over the next hour, then we prepared for the celebration dinner at the sailing club that Arne had laid on. To use the shower at the hostel it was necessary to leave our quarters and scoot round outside to the main entrance and into the bathrooms. Later, someone decided that all

hands had departed for the sailing club and so locked the door to our quarters and left, which I discovered when I returned from the shower to get dressed. I was planning on how best to use the items of clothing left by others in the shower area when Peter came back, having realized something must be wrong. Naturally all agreed it was my fault.

The evening was delightful, with good food and drink and the giving of presents. Arne received a bottle of malt and a DCA burgee, which was little enough for what he had done for us. Perhaps the nicest keepsake he gave us was a copy of the local newspaper, *Södermanlands Nyheter*. We had been interviewed at the harbour earlier in the week by their young reporter Nina Svanberg, to whom we gave our undivided attention, and here we are on Page 8, in a full colour spread with masses of text. All very accurate reporting, too, except that Tony Nield is described in it as an "engelska gentleman."

Arne loaded all our luggage into his car the following morning and we caught the bus to Nyköping, the lovely county town en route to Skavsta. After a sunny morning there we met up with Arne at the airport and relieved him of our luggage, later to catch our separate flights. There was still plenty of daylight to see the Lancashire coastline and river estuaries from the plane window on our return and the view down the Mersey towards the sea as we banked and lost height was truly beautiful. Later, I tumbled out of the train in Holyhead at 0130h to face the cold driving rain, it was to be a week or two before we settled into our Indian summer.

All too soon September ended and Arne would have had to beach the boats by then so they could dry out before the onset of Sweden's winter frost. Basti halsningar, Arne. And thank you again.

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The author and Peter Lord on *Vips*.



David Spensley on *Klara*.



New London, Connecticut, founded in 1646, from the beginning took to the sea and its citizens became intrepid sailors. Boat building began there in 1756 by the launching of 20 to 30-ton vessels that could ply the coastal routes and later venture into the open seas as far as Nova Scotia and Newfoundland in the north and the Caribbean and the West Indies in the south. In the north they supplied the great fishing fleets with provisions, in the south the tropical plantations with dried or salt fish and other necessities.

The rich farming area and the forests surrounding New London provided the cargoes making up this lively export trade. The principle items were barrel staves, smoked meat, corn, flour, and livestock. Horses were especially welcomed by the West Native American islands, and some boats would sail with a load of 50 or 60 animals on one trip. The produce would arrive in the harbor of New London in wagons drawn by four, sometimes six horses or, if the hauling distance was not too great, by a team of oxen. The roads were usually in poor condition and travel on them always hazardous. The drivers and drovers would frequent the taverns around the harbor and often celebrate payday with drunken excesses, causing consternation among the peaceful citizens of the town. New London seems to have been an early forerunner of Dodge City or Abilene of the 19th century cattle drives.

Since New London, lying near the eastern end of Long Island Sound and the western end of Fishers Island Sound, enjoyed geographical advantages, the English government made it the only authorized port of entry at the time. Nevertheless, the trade of the town remained local in the sense that no transatlantic sailings originated there. Boston was the center of transatlantic trade, where the imports from England arrived and departed.

I have made many trips in my Ensign sailboat, *Spindrift*, to New London by water. After all, it is only about three nautical miles to the west of Groton Long Point on the Sound where I live. With a moderate prevailing southwest wind and favorable current, I can make the trip in a little under an hour. Most of the times my object is to cruise around the harbor to see what's new and if any changes have been made since the last time I was there. This cruise was to be a little different in that this sail was to end up in an Ensign Class race. It was in the fall of 1999 and part of the Chowder Series sponsored by the Thames Yacht Club of New London. The Series is a local gathering of Ensign Class sailors ending in a chowder dinner and drinks at the Montauk Avenue clubhouse. It is also a season-ending race series without spinnakers and more of a social than competitive event, at least that is how it's advertised! We would see.

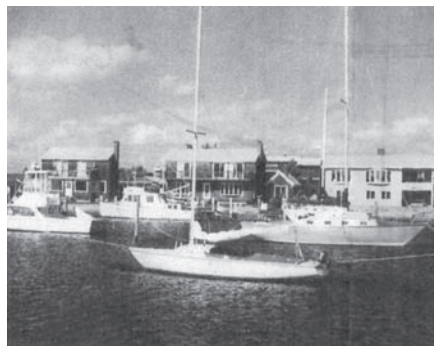
The Chowder Series was first established in 1957 when the Thames Club extended the racing season into the fall. It was first sailed on cold October weekends after the end of the regular summer racing season. The name arose from the gatherings at the club when the chilled sailors could warm up and discuss the earlier sailing event and standings over a hot cup of chowder. Today, the series consists of six weeks of one race each Sunday from late September through late October. This series standings are not related to summer racing events, giving skippers the opportunity to learn by doing and have a chance to overcome the mistakes they made earlier in the year.

20 Years of Cruising on Fishers Island & Long Island Sounds

Part 2

Cruise to New London with a Bit of History and Nostalgia

By Lionel Taylor



Spindrift at her home mooring at Groton in 1990.

Usually I singlehand my boat in making the trip but this time, because of the proposed race, I would need a crew. My wife would reluctantly go along to man the foredeck (she has a long history of this arduous assignment!) and the husband of a cousin of my wife's, Jim McCormack, would come along to handle the sheets in the cockpit. I was to be the skipper, driver, navigator, and tactician. (In other words, if we didn't win it was my fault! Realistically we had no intentions of winning, but if it should happen we wouldn't be happier!)

We left the Groton Long Point breakwater about an hour and a half before the starting gun. With a favorable wind and current we should have plenty of time. The wind was about 10kts with just the slap, slap of the hull against the small wavelets to remind us we were moving nicely. The racing mainsail and genoa jib were just full with good steerage-way. The wind picked up to a generous 12kts after passing Horseshoe Reef to port. I used the inside passage between the reef and Bluff Point that day because the tide was fairly high and coming in. It is not a good idea to challenge this passage when the tide is low and the current on the ebb. Too many sailors had tried it and gone aground or gotten caught in a lobster pot buoy around Horseshoe Reef.

Bluff Point to starboard was deserted. Connecticut made the peninsula a state park after the disastrous hurricane of 1938 when the storm washed away many of the private homes sitting on the cliff overlooking Long Island Sound. One sailboat appeared off the west side of Fishers Island, also headed for New London. We wondered if she was to become one of our competitors. The sail was delightful and the crew appeared to be happy to be underway. We felt the slight rise and fall of the bow with a gently snoring noise of the hull as she broke through the swells now of approximately one foot. With a wave we passed a fishing trawler to starboard as another Ensign sailboat appeared outside of New London Harbor, probably testing

the wind and current conditions before the race. As a result, we all began to fear that, like all sailboat races, this was not going to be mainly a social affair! The other skippers were out to win.

Pine Island and Avery Point appeared to starboard with the old lighthouse and UConn's Avery Point college buildings sitting on a hill. The old lighthouse is being renovated, building and grounds. It's going to look like its old self when it's done, a shining memorial to all the old lighthouse keepers of the past. We passed through the entrance to the harbor and the Thames River where during World War II a submarine net was laid across the mouth. The story went there were German U-boats in Long Island Sound, and with the US Submarine Base up the river a possible target, the military couldn't take the chance. The net was opened when the Fishers Island ferry came or went, however, and if the U-boat skipper really wanted to get into the harbor all he had to do was wait until the ferry went through and follow her in. Getting out again would be another problem.

We worked our way around Black Rock and Shenecossett Beach came in sight to starboard. It brought back old memories. As a family we joined Shenecossett Beach Club when I first came to the area to work at Electric Boat Company. It was a family-oriented swim club where our three children and other members of the family could enjoy swimming in Long Island Sound. We had a small cabana where we could change, keep our towels, swimsuits, and beach umbrellas.

My wife, Fay, would bring our three children, Kim, Tad and Joy, down to the beach after school and I would join them after work. The water was cold in the late spring but it would warm up sufficiently to 70° in the summer. Many times Fay would bring down dinner and we'd all gather around a wood fire on the beach to eat. It was a joyous time for all, the jollity of the adults helped along by a glass of frozen Gimlets! When it got dark and before it was time to go home, I'd gather the children and some of their friends around the fire and tell ghost stories. With few people around, the crackling of the burning wood in the fire, the children's glowing faces and my lowered voice, if I must say so, was enough to chill some adults!

We rounded Eastern Point and Hobs Island. The Groton Public Beach to starboard was crowded but there was no one in sight on Hobs Island, the home of two men on a single piece of rock just off New London Harbor was deserted. We hurried down the Thames River to get to the starting line for the race. We had only a few minutes to get the outboard motor off the transom before the preparatory gun went off (the racing rules specifically stated that any outboard motor would have to be stored in the bilges before the Ensign was eligible to race at the Thames Yacht Club). It took two of us to get the 6hp motor into the bottom of the boat and we were ready to go.

We got a reasonable start in the middle of a fleet of about eight to ten boats. We chose the committee boat end of the line because it was closest to the first marker, C7, located off Ocean Beach. The first leg was to be a reach to windward. We clung tenaciously to the New London side of the Thames River hoping for a lift from the fading westerly wind. I should have known better for as we got abeam of New London Light, the wind shifted and came in stronger out of the south-

west. Instead of a lift we got a header. Damn! Luckily, we were not alone. A few other boats made the same mistake. Those who chose the pin end of the starting line and reached the Groton side of the river ended up in the best position with a close reach to the marker. It took us a couple of hitches before we could round the buoy in a poor sixth or seventh position. Well, as I told my crew at least, we weren't last!

The next leg was a reach to the red marker C3 off Avery Point. We gained a couple of places on that leg but were still woefully behind the leader. At least the sailing was pleasant. We ran the gamut of small talk as the boat began her rhythmical roll as a full-keeled sailboat does on that point of sailing. There was no change in our position as we rounded the marker and we knew we were going to be pretty much stuck there for the rest of the way to the finish line. One big mistake can be very costly in a short race like this. We decided to take in the river scenery as an escape.

Electric Boat Company, the builder of atomic submarines, came into view on a hill to starboard. One large structure, in particular, stood out from the others. It was the Research and Development building where I had spent three years of my working life as an engineer from 1956 to 1959. Prior to coming to Connecticut, I worked as an engineer for General Electric in New Jersey building the original heat pump, a heating-cooling device for the home or business. When it was redesigned by Schenectady engineers the assembly plant was moved to Tyler, Texas. That wasn't for us so I went to work for General Dynamics in Groton.

Not being a chemical engineer (of course, you guessed it), I was assigned to the Chemical Engineering Section (just like the Army/Navy) of the Research and Development Department. I should have realized then this assignment would not end favorably for me! I worked under a very fine engineer, by the name of Ed Bialecki who had at that time very forward-thinking projects in mind if only management would give him his head. He had plans, for example, for the desalination of salt water for Israel, a country short on fresh water; fuel cells, a way-out thought for those days; missile firing tubes and oxygen generators for submarines.

Because Electric Boat depended on research, upon making proposals for which the Navy would grant us a study contract, our section put together mock-ups of our projects as sales pitches. One we had a lot of fun with was the oxygenating proposal. The idea was based upon a bank of wet cells giving off oxygen as well as hydrogen upon being charged. The oxygen would be used by the crew for breathing underwater while the dangerous hydrogen would be piped overboard. In order to prove that the oxygen generated was sufficient to support life, Ed procured a monkey (where he got him from we never found out!), put him in an airtight cage, and let him live on the gas we generated. The Navy brass that visited apparently wasn't very impressed for we didn't get a contract but I later returned to my teaching days by demonstrating our equipment to school children from town (especially showing off the monkey!).

That was the high spot of my tenure as a research engineer. Things went downhill from there. The Chief Engineer had his own project in mind for the Navy. It was a complicated design for a variable speed increaser for

submarine machinery. I was selected to head the project and, to be very frank, I hadn't the slightest idea of what to do and apparently no one else did either after the project was given to other sections to solve. Although the project died on the vine, I realized Electric Boat was not for me. I went on to be a Manager of Manufacturing Engineering for another company, but that's another story.

There was one last hurrah, however, before I left. I was reminded of it when we passed the submarine docks to starboard where several nuclear subs pointed their bows to the river like a group of runners poised on the starting line ready to begin a foot race. My wife, Fay, and I used to like to go to new submarine launchings. We'd stand down on the dock below in the crowd and after the christening watch the sub slide down into the river. The ship's crew was gathered on the deck above waving to the cheers of the spectators below. It was quite a sight.

We had a naval officer, Lieutenant Shep Jenks, for a neighbor when we lived in Gales Ferry, Connecticut, who turned out to be the Navigation Officer of the *Nautilus* when she went under the ice to the North Pole. He found out we were going to the launching of the new submarine *Sea Wolf*, for which I had done some research. He got my wife and I tickets for the launching party to be held at the Submarine Base in Groton. These parties were quite the events, no shortage of food, liquor, or good humor.

Getting there was quite an event, too. We went by rail! A couple of railroad cars and a yard locomotive were pulled into a siding at Electric Boat near the launching site. We and dozens of officers and their wives climbed aboard and we were off. The trip was comfortable and delightful. We saw parts of Groton we had never seen before. The rails lead through streets and neighborhoods we never knew existed. After a switching change the route the train took was along the Thames River where we could see plenty of boat traffic and people fishing.

The train went through the Sub Base gate and stopped at a hangar-like structure. The big doors of the building were open and we could look inside and see hundreds of people. Along with the boat's crew, naval brass outnumbered civilians and the "scrambled eggs" on captain's and admiral's hats appeared everywhere. After I got us drinks we sat down to a delicious lunch. Ice sculptures decorated other tables and we found cast submarine favors in honor of the *Sea Wolf* by our plates. After lunch and ceremonies we boarded the train and returned to Electric Boat and our cars.

But back in our race, by this time we had Groton Heights to starboard and we made ready to round a buoy for the reach back to the finish line. The New London Metro-North railroad station appeared off our starboard bow and memories returned. It was during the 1938 hurricane that the lighthouse tender *Tulip* went ashore with her bow on the railroad tracks. It was also here that the five-masted school ship *Marsala* smashed ashore into a warehouse complex. A short-circuit started a fire that destroyed much of the town's business district. The local newspaper, *The Day*, ran the headline, "City Ruined."

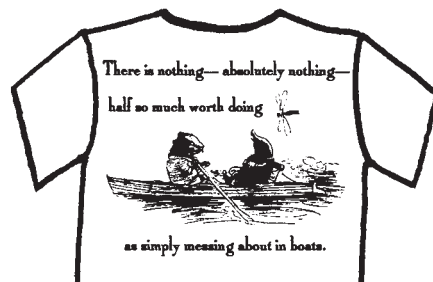
New London was one of a number of places in the past that sent out whalers on a regular basis. The city played an outstanding role. Whaling began early but came to a

complete halt during the wars with England, to revive again after 1814, together with the West Indian trade, which had developed on a larger scale before the Revolution. This was said to be in contrast to the latter trade, marked by "habits of dissipation, unrest, and reckless extravagance."

The whaling industry encouraged "order, happiness, and morality" reflecting its wholesome influence on the city. In 1854, whaling reached its culmination in New London. At that time, the city ranked ahead of Nantucket by more than 1,000 tons with only New Bedford exceeding New London in the trade. However, overextension followed and in 1847 the inevitable decline set in, reducing the number of ships from 71 to 66. The unemployed men responded to the call of the California Gold Rush with eagerness. In the years of 1849-1850, 25 whaling captains sailed around the Horn, taking with them the desires of both the captain and the other whalers for the untold wealth in gold they both sought.

New London had its share of rum-runners, too. In fact, it was very much brought home to residents in June of 1931. The Coast Guard put on a stark display the day of the Yale-Harvard boat races. They had frequently issued warnings to yachtsmen regarding the misuse of club burgees by rum-runners. When the hundreds of yachts entered the Thames River for the gala event, they passed the slick, dark-hulled *Whispering Winds* anchored in midstream. She was a big powerful craft with a solidly built pilothouse, double motors, and a sport-fishing pulpit out over the bow. She flew a white-starred jack on her bow staff and the burgee of a reputable yacht club at her masthead. The forward windows of her pilothouse had been punctured by Coast Guard gunfire, however, and on her deck were stacked sacks of whiskey that bore, plainly enough for any yachtsman to read, the distiller's description of her cargo, Highland Whiskey. She had been seized recently off Block Island after a hot pursuit.

This day, we got our whistle as we crossed the finish line. There were quite a few boats ahead of us in the race and still some behind. At least, we weren't last!



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April 2010

The 31st Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise was one of the best ever with 15 boats and crews attending. The weather was great, some gear was broken, there were plenty of groundings, and yes, it even rained a little, between 2am and 6am on Sunday morning. Someone reading about our annual Spring Cruise for the first time might wonder why broken gear, groundings, and a little rain make for a good cruise. Trust me... they do.

In early April I acquired a new boat. It is a blue-hulled 2005 West Wight Potter 19. I named it *Blue Moon* since I bought the boat in Kentucky. Remember the Bill Monroe bluegrass classic, "Blue Moon of Kentucky?" The Spring Cruise would be my first chance to put the Potter 19 in the water. I told Norm Wolfe that I was going to drive to the Long Cove ramp early Thursday morning to set up and launch the boat. My thinking was that I would be the only person there. There would be no one else there to witness the inevitable first-time mistakes. I was SOO wrong!

When I got to the ramp there were many other cruise participants already there; the Motes with *Ardea*, the Follansbees with *Wandering Bark*, Morry Kapitan with his Peep Hen, Jake Millar with *Sedge*, and eventually Norm with *Piilu*. Raising the mast took over two hours. Of course, all the lines were crossed, snarled, or put on the wrong way. It seemed everyone at the launch ramp had some advice on how to untangle the whole mess. Meanwhile, Paul Follansbee waited patiently to pin the forestay in place while I tried to push the mast forward. So much for the International Marine claim that "most Potter 19 owners can rig and launch the boat in 45 minutes."

All the while this is going on, Morry kept calling me a traitor for abandoning my Peep Hen *Terrapin*. The whole experience

SWS Annual Spring Cruise

By John Zohlen

was a lesson in humble pie. I vowed to go home after the cruise and practice raising the mast in my driveway until I had achieved the International Marine 45-minute standard. *Terrapin* could be launched and underway in about five minutes. It took longer to walk back from the parked car and trailer than it did to raise the mast and get underway.

We spent Thursday afternoon reaching up and down Langford Creek in a 15-18kt westerly wind. I was impressed with how flat the WWP 19 sailed. *Wandering Bark* and *Piilu* both had one reef set. *Blue Moon* had the roller furled 110 lapper out and full main up. The GPS showed speed from 5.3-5.5kts! I was pleased with the boat's performance. Eventually we sailed into Davis Creek, anchored, and rafted up for happy hour and a good gam aboard *Wandering Bark*. Later that night I lamented the fact that I had not brought along my heavier sleeping bag. Eventually, about midnight, I got up and put on everything in my duffel bag and climbed back into the lightweight sleeping bag. The weather report the next morning said the overnight low was in the low 40s.

Friday morning was spent back at the Long Cove ramp helping others launch their boats. It was an opportunity for me to visit with cruise participants whom I had not seen in a year. This year Moby Nick Scheuer and his son, Dave, towed their Shearwater, *True North*, all the way from Rockford, Illinois, to participate in the cruise. Ted Toby got his Dovekie out of three-year storage and towed it from Marblehead, Massachusetts, to Maryland. I enjoyed talking with them all... and watching in admiration at how efficiently they rigged and launched their boats. *Blue Moon* and I have a lot of improvements to make if we want to continue sailing in company with this professional group of sailors.

Most boats were launched and underway when I finally cast off after lunch. The winds were southerly, 6-8kts. We all began tacking down the Chester River to Durdin Creek on the eastern shore of Eastern Neck Island. The GPS showed 4kts. Not too bad! There is a shallow entrance to Durdin Creek and most of us found the bottom entering... some of us more than once. There is a Kent County launching ramp and pier in the creek. Some boats anchored and some tied to the pier. We all gathered at the head of the ramp and began filling the Follansbee's dinghy with beer and hors d'oeuvres. All gathered around and began splicing the main brace.

Shortly after 5pm a Kent County Fire and Rescue vehicle with a trailer and boat came roaring down the road, siren wailing. As they attempted to launch the boat, two other large pieces of fire apparatus and an ambulance arrived... their sirens wailing, too. The gentlemen standing around the snack bar/dinghy began taking off their shirts and gently placing them on top of the beer. The firemen asked if our entire group was accounted for. We said yes. Off they went in search of someone or something. An hour later they returned and retrieved their boat. They and the other emergency vehicles left as suddenly as they had arrived. The peace and quiet was deafening. Friday night was much warmer, sleeping wise.

Saturday was a bright, sunny day. The winds were light and southerly. We got underway and met Jake and Morry coming out of Queenstown Creek on the opposite side of the Chester. Jake described to those with FRS radios his gear casualty. It seems he bobbed up and down after a powerboat had passed him in the creek and his rudder came down hard on a submerged piling. The upper gudgeon was broken out of the fiberglass deck. Jake put things back together with duct tape and was beginning to run before the wind back towards the launching ramp. He did not plan to haul out but just wanted to get a little closer to it should anything come apart.

We all sailed up to Reed Creek, entered, rounded the bar, and anchored for lunch. As in many other Spring Cruises, the lunch lingered on until about 3pm when someone suggested we really had come for some sailing so maybe we should do that. So we all got underway again. Some sailed back up Langford Creek and into Davis Creek to spend the night, while others sailed up the Corsica River and into Emory Creek to spend the night. I was with the Emory group. We rafted inside the creek and four sailors came aboard *Blue Moon* to splice the main brace. The four sat in the cockpit and I stood in the Potter 19 companionway.

Shortly I began to feel water on my feet. I looked down and there was about an inch of it above the cabin sole. I turned on the electric bilge pump and pumped it down. More conversation and soon my feet were getting wet again. I announced my "small problem" to my heavyweight guests. We began looking for the source and soon came to the conclusion that the cockpit drain overboard discharge was leaking because it was now underwater. The discharge is above water with just me in the cockpit. My guests eventually took their time finishing their beer and left for their own boats. I pumped the bilge once more and added the leaking overboard discharge to my growing "punch list" for *Blue Moon*. (Note: I did discover later a 1/2" split in the bottom of the tubing that connects the cockpit drain to the overboard discharge. The tubing has been replaced.) Saturday evening was warm and pleasant. There was a full moon and countless stars in the heavens. I got up at 2am Sunday morning and sat in the cockpit for a half-hour enjoying the majesty of the sky.

The weather forecast for Sunday morning talked of small craft warnings and 25mph winds later in the day. I was underway at 7am, towing *Piilu* back to the ramp. We were anticipating a rough crossing of the Chester River going back to the ramp. Of course, it was nothing like that. Almost flat calm! Norm and I were the first to haul out. We helped the others as they returned to the ramp. One by one we left and drove ten minutes to the Ford Restaurant. Dean Meledones, Mary Slaughter, my wife Mary, and Norm's wife Tiui all joined us at the restaurant. Crab cake sandwiches and cold ice tea were the order of the day. Then, like all cruises before, it was goodbyes as we headed for home.

Next year's cruise will be April 29 to May 1, launching at Madison Bay on the Little Choptank River. I hope to see us all there for more groundings, MINOR gear casualties, and just a little nighttime rain. It will not be a good cruise without them... and the Follansbees singing our favorite Shallow Water Sailor songs at night anchorage. Faire winds until then.

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The adventures in *Solid Waste* were many and some of them were completed without me. DJ would sometimes use the boat with some of our mutual friends. More than once he called and asked if I wanted to go out fishing when the weather was less than perfect. I am quick to admit that I am a fair weather sailor and see no need to test myself or my boat in unpleasant conditions. It is, after all, a pleasure boat and I find no pleasure in hanging on in rough seas. My usual response was, "No, I checked the weather and it's going to be lumpy." But I fully understand that there are those who get a kick out of this kind of boating.

DJ was one of those, as were our friends the Finchbrown family. The Finchbrowns were a curious lot. The brood numbered around 10 or 12. It was hard to get an accurate count because the older ones tended to wander off by themselves from time to time and the younger ones moved fast and seemed to be in a constant game of hide and seek. Add to that the fact that they were always taking in a foster child or two for an indeterminate period of time. So we never saw the whole family in one spot, or if we did they were moving too fast to get an accurate count.

The elder Mr Finchbrown was named Warren and had served in the Air Force during the Berlin airlift and would regale us endlessly with stories about his duties as a private in charge of loading and unloading a C54 and his travels through postwar Europe on his trusty BSA Bantam motorcycle. The family tended to live in many places during the time I knew them, usually caused by some interesting reasons but by and large were just as happy as if they were in their right minds.

This trip was related to me by DJ, who had the uncanny ability to take a few grains of truth and build a sand dune. Everyone who knew DJ would at some time hear a story that they had been part of and were still in awe when they heard the retelling of it. His memory seemed to find the more colorful bits and amplify them.

Adventures in *Solid Waste* Part 8

By Henry Szostek
(Massachusetts North Shore)

On this occasion the crew included the elder Mr Finchbrown and two of his sons from about the middle of the age spread, both in their mid-teens, named John and Peter. We had had John aboard on some previous trips and he was always willing to do anything we asked of him. He had complete trust in us and so we had to be careful what we asked him to do. Peter, on the other hand, being a bit sharper and younger did some thinking before he acted.

The launch was from Ipswich and out the river to Ipswich Bay. The seas were a bit lumpy and a front was coming in with rain and some wind, but the happy crew still tried valiantly to make a go of it. When the fishing proved to be too arduous and the seas more than entertaining, the decision was made to call it a day and head in. Unfortunately the mouth of the river was marked by shifting sandbars which, at this state of the weather and seas, were covered with white foam from breaking seas and the key marker, a lone white light on top of the buoy marking the Ipswich River's entrance, was not visible. Warren told me later that they called the Coast Guard and notified them that their buoy was missing. They replied, "Oh no it isn't, we located it with sonar. It is just where it is supposed to be, it's just lying on the bottom at the moment."

Whatever the reason, it was not visible, finding the mouth of the river without it was not an attractive idea, so the decision was made to head out along the coast past Castle Neck and try the mouth of the Essex River, but the story was the same there, nothing but white water and no good line on the mouth of

the river, so it was on past Coffins Beach and try to make the Annisquam River and hope that the buoys there were still visible.

The distance was not over five miles but according to reports from the included company it covered many lifetime flashbacks as breakers roared past on all sides while the elderly outboard struggled against the swells. All the handholds and grab rails on the boat got a thorough testing.

By the time they fetched sight of their last hope, darkness was upon them and only the lights on shore were a guide. At last the buoy at the mouth of the Annisquam came into sight and a narrow ribbon of dark and hopefully deep water was visible between the white foam on either side. DJ was finally able to thread the way through them into the relative calm and safety of the river, just in time to exhaust the last of the gas in the first tank. Changing tanks was not a big deal and if done before the fuel ran out it would not interrupt the engine, but if it did run out there was a minute or so given to squeezing the fuel bulb and restarting the engine. Not something he wanted to be doing under the circumstances but in the relative safety of the river it was done with no danger of broaching and they did not run aground or hit anything while changing tanks.

Engine restarted and underway there was only the task of navigating the narrow channel in the dark for five miles and passing under two bridges into the protected area that contained the welcome sight of the Cape Ann Marina. They tied up at the nearest available dock and made their way to a telephone to call me and get a ride back to the launch site to retrieve the trailer and tow vehicle. When I arrived at the marina I found the entire crew wet, tired, and cold but still grinning from ear to ear having gained another tale to tell at almost all subsequent family gatherings, and of course with each retelling it got better and better until this telling of the tale, which I must admit doesn't hold a candle to the way they would have told it.

(To Be Continued)



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I think Maslow must have been a sailor. You know, Abraham Maslow, the psychologist who theorized about why people do, or more importantly, don't do, things. Maslow's *Hierarchy (Pyramid) of Needs* was first published back in the early 1940s, if memory of my Psych 101 lectures serves. For those of you more inclined to the hold-it-in-your-hand "hard sciences," please bear with me for a moment. From the sailor's perspective, this Maslow guy makes a lot of sense.

Old Mr Maslow figured that there were about four other "way points" on the way to being about the best you can be. And, in that connection, I'm quite certain he was intimately familiar with the oldest axiom of sailing. The definition of a sailboat race is that, "One occurs whenever two boats come in sight of each other; and both boats don't have to know that they are racing." Well, OK, some folks will insist that the oldest axiom is, "Your destination is, inevitably, to windward unless the wind is not blowing at all." But, back to the psycho-theory mumbo-jumbo for a moment.

The first level in this Pyramid has to do with BASIC stuff, like having food to eat, water to drink, air to breathe, and having boats to sail in. There are those that would include an enclosed head in this category. Suit yourself. But basic. Then, if you have the basics taken care of, you're gonna want to know that nobody is about to take 'em away from you. It's called Safety Needs in Maslowese.

After that, we come to Social Needs. Once again, this is pretty basic stuff, like babies having somebody to cuddle 'em, Robinson Crusoe at least meeting up with a guy like Friday. And, having messabouts to go to.

Then we get to the next-to-the-top of the Pyramid, with Esteem Needs. I think this has to do with your family liking you, your tribe giving you a place in the pecking order, and having a really cool full-battened main to get better windward performance.

Finally, we get to the tip of the tip of the Pyramid, with Self-Actualization Needs. Some would include speaking articulately and persuasively and performing rarified skills with a sense of perfection in this category. You know, like, "Hey, you guys, it's safe to come out now. The bad guys have wandered off. Here, lemme pop that snap-tab fer ya." Maybe playing a piano solo in Carnegie Hall is more your idea of self-actualization. Maybe squeaking past the Race Committee Chairman's boat with just enough overlap to yell "room at the mark" with sufficient persuasion. Something like that.

The big epiphany with the Maslow Pyramid is that if one of the lower needs isn't being met at the moment, we simply stop striving for a higher one. Sort of like, if Carnegie Hall should catch fire during your concerto, you will be forgiven if you stop searching for the High C key in the dark and haul buckets for the exit with everybody else. And, I've discovered that sailors are much like that. For instance, once upon a time, I didn't actually have a boat to call my own. It could happen. Sort of like one of those near death experiences Maslow had in mind with his Physiological Needs level. Survival Needs. Life or death.

So, I had to rent a boat. While I was stationed aboard a destroyer in Pearl Harbor at the time; if I wanted to rent a boat, I had to go the Air Force base. Yep. During one particular extended in port period I became such a good customer at the Hickam Harbor boat

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

The Psychology of the Thing

By Dan Rogers

rental facility, the girl at the front desk would actually call me on the ship to tell me ahead of time if for some reason they had to shut the operation down. You know, if the wind was particularly howling that day or something. You could say, that I was over there quite a bit.

Part of the deal with calling ahead was the rule that in order to take one of the bigger boats out (larger than a Sunfish, actually) it was necessary to take along a "crew." For some reason, the Air Force was big on Social Needs and figured that safety (Safety/Security Needs) was in numbers, even if the "crew" didn't know port from starboard. So, in order to rent the then-paramount Rhodes 19 keelboats (Self-Actualization Needs?), I had to show up with more than just myself.

As just about EVERYBODY who, in fact, does have a boat knows, getting people to say they want to go sailing sometime is waaaaay easier than to get them to say that they want to go sailing this time. You know, right now! So, knowing that I would be canvassing the mess deck for yet another "crew" to come and get sunburned with me in the final minutes before liberty call, the nice folks at Hickam would give me a peremptory call now and then when it would have been all in vain. I was pretty much a regular in the Rhodes 19s. O'Day built 'em. With a moderate draft fixed keel, unbalanced mahogany rudder, fractional rig with big main, they could be a handful in the tradewind blasted waters off Oahu.

I think the extra "crew" requirement was more to provide ballast. Even though these boats had an external iron keel, they did, in fact, capsize on occasion. There was no particular limits on where I could take one of these rental boats. I just had to be back before closing time. Back then, in the days before the "new" reef runway at the Hono airport got built, there was a pretty lengthy, narrow channel to negotiate if I wanted to go "outside." And, yes, it was definitely to windward. And bound by riprap and coral.

On one expedition, I had enticed a couple of guys to come along as "crew" with the usual promise that all they had to do was sit still and drink beer. For many, this would be Maslow's final step of Self-Actualization Needs. Once these guys came to understand that the "sitting still" deal actually was performed at differing sides of the boat depending upon which way the steady-in-the-20s wind was coming at us. While actually hiking out wasn't really necessary, those little boats stayed on their feet better if people sat on the weather deck and kept their feet on the ergonomically moulded fiberglass seats.

Problem with this had to do with the really narrow nature of the side deck and the really narrow mahogany spray rail that subtended what little there was of it. Not a real comfortable place to sit. This was Hawaii, and nobody was going to get particularly cold

taking spray and splashes over the bow of a 19' sailboat. But after a while that mahogany rail kind of wore a groove transversely across my backside. And warm salt water tends to cake itself into my eyes and hair and such after a while. Not, exactly what many non-sailboat types would consider a Self-Actualization Need. Go figure.

I had these two neophytes along, and the intention was to take the boat "outside" into the Real Ocean. This evolution would, in fact, require quite a large supply of beer to keep the crew from mutiny. I had, naturally, left some of the realities rather vague for obvious recruiting purposes. After we worked out the onboard essentials of crawling in a timely manner from one side of the boat to the other, ducking the flailing boom and mainsail, and becoming ensconced on that 1/2" wide by 2" high mahogany board at the gibberish command of R-e-e-d-d-y-y-A-A-A-b-o-o-o-u-u-u-t-t-t-!!! HELMSALEE...; things were working out more or less satisfactorily.

Then one of us spotted a really large FIN sticking up from a really large, and very black, fish. This monster was swimming on the surface and had to be nearly twice as long as our 19' boat. We were on opposing courses. Naturally, the shark was headed downwind. Naturally, we had to continue short tacking back and forth across his apparent track. I was pretty sure it was a nurse shark and not normally prone to dumping Rhodes 19s on their beam ends and stealing the beer stowed in the cuddy. But nonetheless, this was some sort of monster viewed from our little cockle-shell.

Maslow really did know what he was theorizing about. First one of the "crew," quickly followed by his mate, started seeking a more satisfactory Safety Need state by climbing the mast. There are a bunch of reasons why this can only be a short-term goal in a boat that will, on occasion, capsize. And certainly this skipper's personal Esteem Needs were in immediate danger of not being met. After all, how was I EVER gonna rent another boat if it got around that I had a habit of dumping boats over in the channel and getting the crew eaten by a leviathan, whether or not I managed to save the beer? I did manage to coax the guys down from their increasingly perilous perch up on the stick. We sort of slid by the shark like a scared kid whistling past the cemetery, and continued on our way.

One problem. That damn shark was now headed into the basin we had just exited. Another problem. How was I going to manage with a crew prone to violating Weight and Moment Regulations at the dull gleam of a shark's eye when we were, finally, out in the Real Ocean. Problem sort of solved.

We concluded that we would simply stay out of the basin until the shark "went away." So, off we went to the Keehi Lagoon area, closer to downtown Honolulu. And still inside the shelter of the main reef. This spot was kinda shallow and dotted with coral heads. I had never been there, nor had I bothered to study the chart on the wall behind the nice front desk girl's chair, for things like depths and reefs and such. No problem!

There was this cute-as-a-bug's-ear wooden Folkboat sailing off to windward. While then no longer modern by a long shot, these clinker-hulled beauties were still considered good sea boats and pretty smart to weather as well. Remember the axiom about sailboats racing? Hey, if I could overhaul this boat with a non-crew manning the jib sheets,

I could manage to satisfy just about the whole Pyramid. Starting with Safety Needs. After all, this guy was most certainly a local and would know where the coral heads and other obstructions were. All I had to do was simply follow him and work on catching up. I would not only be in a position to actually see one of these legendary boats in action close up. I just might get to beat one at its own game. Meanwhile, I assured my "crew" that the huge shark would soon tire of the boat basin and head back out to sea. All we had to do was wait him out for a while and race this pretty little white cabin boat while we were waiting.

One of the nicer ways to describe the relative opacity of these particular inshore tropical waters is "turbid." This was still in the days before birth of the Water Quality Act and all the ensuing hype about "sewage treatment." Yep, a place close by was colloquially referred to as Turd Beach. So you see, it's not real easy to see to the bottom, and it kinda smells around there, too. But, like I was saying, heading "outside" wasn't a good option. And there WAS the matter of the shark to consider as well. So off we thrashed to "race" this guy-who-must-know-where-he's-going. Just stay in his wake and everything will be OK. Right?

Almost before this putative speed contest got underway, it was over, with a Crunch! The pretty little cedar planked clinker hull ran full speed up on a coral head. While witnessing this unbelievably painful event, my boat ran aground as well. Fortunately for us, the O'Day put her keel into a patch of sand amid the now-quite-visible coral. About 10' further on protruded what looked a lot like a railroad rails. This was likely a relic from the WWII harbor defenses set out to repel Imperial Japanese Navy invaders who didn't materialize after that initial imbroglio at Pearl Harbor, Hickam, Schoefield, et al. This thing was in line to impale my little rental, had we not buried the keel in the sand first. Try and explain that one to the nice girl behind the desk as an excuse for coming in after closing time, now will you.

Those little rental boats did carry small Danforth anchors and rodes. There was no motor or other tools of any consequence. And, of course, we had to provide our own survival stores (beer). The good news about running aground on a hard beat to windward, is that the still drawing sails will probably go aback and shove us off into deeper water if we got lucky. Other than being "shaken up on the play," as Howard Cosell used to say a lot, we were OK. After dropping the sails and getting an anchor over, it was time to see what could be done to help our "competitor."

Apparently, the other skipper thought he could accomplish the same thing that I had done (more or less by serendipity, I hasten to add.) He left the sails up and sheeted tight. From across the water we could hear and see that lovely wooden hull cracking and grinding on the coral. Time to don the Dudley Doright Hat and go see if I could help. Granted, saving old wooden boats from destruction wasn't in the "ship's articles" when I signed those two guys on for the Voyage. And, while there were, in fact, women aboard the other boat, they didn't see Rescuing Fair Damsels from Peril as a job description either. No matter.

The Pyramid Theory pretty much answers most of the how comes and what ifs from this point on. It seemed reasonable at the moment of "decisive action" that it would be nice to have dry, non-salt-encrusted clothes

to wear back onto the Navy base and back aboard my ship. I figured the Officer of the Deck would object to the drowned rat look in any but the most exigent circumstances. So I left my dry clothes in the boat and dove over the side. It was maybe a 50-yard swim, and I fully expected to stay submerged in the "turbid" water. The basic problem with these ad lib rescues is that they never seem to go according to "plan." Even if I had one.

The Folkboat's skipper was still in the "I Can Handle It" phase of a normally descending spiral that quickly devolves to a state of shock, despondency, and despair. After a brief interlude of unalloyed denial, that is, I suggested from my submerged position near the coral heads that he might better let his sheets fly and allow the boat to slide back off to leeward. It was immediately apparent that the poor boat was still attempting to do her designer proud and continue making way to windward even though that path was resolutely blocked by decidedly nasty and progressively shoaling coral formations. The boat was alternately laying farther onto her side and higher out of the water, with the sails continuing to drive her in the swell that provided short periods of sufficient water depth for floating. A bad situation.

I offered to "help." He loosed a spare halyard and asked me to add weight to the masthead and thereby reduce her draft. With misgivings temporarily short circuited by flashes of hope; I took the mission. First problem. I had left my shoes back in the O'Day to keep 'em dry. This is a lousy place to try to climb even if had been wearing foot protection. Second problem. I was still sort of clinging to Maslow's higher order need states. You know. Like Esteem Needs (modesty, etc).


So, as an alternative to climbing out of the water on a sharp and uneven slope I offered to tie the halyard around my waist and sort of offer a counterweight to the well-heeled boat's natural propensity to right herself. Remember those still-sheeted sails and the really strong tradewinds driving them?

At first, it went as good as could be expected. The boat was still grinding her strakes on the coral and acquiring increasingly ugly wounds. But, she was holding a 45° heel angle and I could offer significant downward pull to the masthead and still stay in the water for my trouble. Even though I was then in my early 20s and in excellent physical shape, a guy can get tired of trying to hold a couple tons of people and boat over on her side, after a while. So, I got the "brilliant" idea that I could do a better job by swinging into an inverted position on the halyard with my feet above my, er, head. Sort of like doing an inverted jelly fish float on the end of a rope. Sort of.

This is where Maslow comes back into the picture. You see, the "plan" actually sort of worked. The boat bashed and gouged herself off the reef and righted herself. I was, suddenly, rather unceremoniously, swinging 8'-10' off the deck, feet wrapped in several bights of line and my full weight holding the status quo. Upside down. The sails are still sheeted and pulling the boat back up to hull speed in the relatively flat water and strong winds.

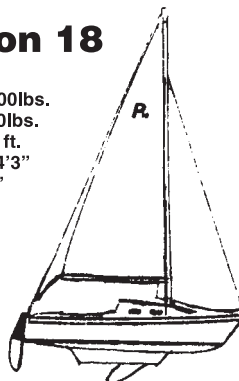
All I gotta say, is that's a darned inferior way to meet new friends. And, things like Esteem Needs tend to fall way below things like Basic Physiological Needs (like dry socks, etc) in one heck of a hurry. The ladies offered me a towel and winks for my trouble.

I don't think those two guys ever went sailing with me again. I suppose the beer got warm or something.



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The International Scene

Container traffic had double-digit growth in the first quarter and probably will grow 5% this year. Some firms sharply increased prices on certain routes. China loaded up on oil in the three months ending in April, with tanker demand exhibiting a 42% growth. But the recession with its ship layups and slower steaming reduced the number of ship accidents last year by almost 20%.

Maersk established a system that enables shippers to get priority containers last minute loaded onto ships that already have full loads. The cost will be dynamically determined depending on space available and market demand.

The Chinese coal ship *Shen Neng 1* strayed off course and onto an Australian coral reef. The government acted as expected, exhibiting poor judgment and an anti-shipping attitude. All concerned were delighted when the Chinese tug *De Da* towed the bulker north for repairs.

Six ships carrying humanitarian aid for the Gaza strip were legally denied access by the Israeli Navy. One ship was boarded by commandos, they were attacked, and nine protesters were killed in the subsequent melee.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships collided and allided: Off Wanderlaar, Belgium, the reefer *Sierra Leone* collided with the combined chemical/oil tanker *Sten Møster*. The collision punctured the reefer's bulbous bow and left a gardenhose-like stream of water spurting upwards.

In the Singapore Straits, the bulker *Wally* rammed the port side of the tanker *Bunga Kelana 3* and several thousand tons of oil escaped. Much of it later ended on Malaysian beaches, although Singaporean authorities had pumped skimmed oil into empty tanks of the tanker. The collision occurred in spite of a traffic separation scheme, a mandatory vessel reporting scheme, a vessel traffic information system, a differential GPS system to provide ultra-precise location information, and the compulsory Automatic Identification System.

Ships ran aground: Engine failure caused the 2001-built geared bulkier *Suis-gracht* to run aground on the Carolus bank in the Netherlands' Westerscheldt. It was freed later that day by the tugs *Multratug 10*, *Union 6*, *Union Emerald*, and *Union Topaz*, with the coastguard's *Barend Biesheuvel* standing by.

Far away, the container ship *Pacific Flores* ran aground on the Columbia River near Kalama, Washington, due to a steering failure. No details are available as to what tugs freed her.

Fire and explosion took their tolls: Traffic through the Panama Canal was disrupted when the coal-laden bulkier *Atlantic Hero* failed to live up to its name. An engine room explosion and subsequent loss of power caused it to hit the Bridge of the Americas across the Canal and then slew aground. It took two days to reopen the Canal.

Other bad things happened: The cargo vessel *Najaden* was passing under Rotterdam's Caland Bridge when the bridge was lowered. The bridge messed up the electronics and other equipment atop the wheelhouse and bent the ship's funnel backwards.

Humans got hurt: At Harwich on the UK, a dockworker was killed and another seriously injured when a cradle carried by a crane collapsed, trapping them between cargo (possibly turbine propellers) and the crane.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Humans got help: The four-person crew of the yacht *Octagon* were taken off by the chemical tanker *MTM Princess* after the yacht lost steering and started taking on water 300 miles west of Spain. The rescue was triggered by an EPIRB and DSC signals and was coordinated by that old rescue standby, Falmouth Radio in the UK.

As ice conditions deteriorated, aircraft from the US Coast Guard in Alaska kept checking on Russia's North Pole 37 Station, asking if it needed help. Each time the Russian scientists replied that they were OK and icebreaker *Rossiya* was en route to pick them up. Even when the icebreaker was parked next to the station's buildings, the crew of a C-130 asked if help was needed.

After surviving a tropical cyclone, the small cargo ship *Dubai Moon* got in trouble off the Horn of Africa when its cargo of used vehicles shifted and the ship took on an extreme list. *HMS Chatham*, about 175 miles away, heard its distress call and made best speed to the rescue in Force 10 winds and extremely high seas. Meanwhile, the ship was drifting towards Abd Al Kuri Island, narrowly evading it but getting into shallow waters where *HMS Chatham* couldn't go. Finally, the weather abated enough so the Lynx helicopter of a Type 22 frigate took off 23 seamen in an operation that lasted over three hours as the *Dubai Moon* rolled up to 40°. Later, its master explained, "Normally we operate close to the coast but we had to go far out to sea to avoid the pirates. That meant we could not find shelter from the storm."

Gray Fleets

The world responded to the sinking of the South Korean corvette *Cheonan* in different ways. A Russian team of submarine and torpedo experts found the report by an American/Australian/ British/Swedish team that the warship was sunk by a heavy North Korean torpedo to be unconvincing but offered no alternative explanations. South Korea vainly asked China to send a crew of inspectors to check out the sunken corvette. Instead, the Chinese Navy leaked intelligence information to two American internet sites. In essence, the Chinese believed that an American-positioned mine sank the corvette, perhaps in some sort of a friendly-fire incident. The mine may have been a limpet mine placed on the hull by American divers as part of a campaign to influence public opinion. Or it may have been a Mk60 CAPTOR-type mine that inadvertently rose from the seabed when it "heard" the corvette pass overhead. As partial proof, the Chinese also questioned why the commander of US Forces Korea attended the funeral of a South Korean navy diver who was killed during the search for survivors. The Chinese also questioned why US Navy divers ("SEALS" in the language of the Chinese report) from the salvage ship *USNS Salvor* didn't dive, although their Korean counterparts did.

A vigorous 19-year-old US Navy sailor set a world's record for the most pull-ups in a

24-hour period when he managed 3,376 pull-ups using both reverse and overhead grips. It took him two to three weeks to recover before he resumed training for concept 2 rowing, where he already owns a world record in his age group (100,000 meters in 6 hours, 6 minutes, 0 seconds, set last November).

The US Navy is carefully selecting women candidates for manning its submarines. One selectee is a ROTC graduate of the University of Washington who has commanded an ROTC battalion and headed a team that trained members of two teams that crewed 44' racing yachts. She said, "I hung out with jocks at high school and I have four younger brothers so I know how they operate a bit." Another selectee and her twin sister recently graduated from the US Naval Academy. The sister is going to flight school and hopes to be an astronaut.

The US Navy is missing four of its Unmanned Underwater Vehicles (UUV) after completion of training exercises to locate mines on the ocean floor off Virginia. Navy-trained dolphins and sea lions may be used to search for the usually ultra-reliable 7.5" diameter REMUS 100 bots.

The US Navy is reopening bidding for California cities that might like to acquire the WW II-vintage battleship *USS Iowa* as a war memorial. Los Angeles might apply if it can find waterfront space at San Pedro.

As Indian officials expressed delight with progress being made in converting the Russian aircraft carrier *Admiral Gorshkov* into what will soon to be India's *INS Vikramaditya*, the US Secretary of Defense and a top admiral said that aircraft carriers would soon become obsolete because of China's development of anti-ship missiles specifically designed to target carriers. One such weapon is based on the DF21/CSS-5 medium-range ballistic missile.

Russia agreed to help Ukraine finish construction of a missile cruiser. The Slava-class cruiser *Admiral Lobov* (now *Ukraina*) was launched in 1984 but due to economic problems, work stopped in the late '80s when 95% complete. Russia has three Slava-class cruisers in service and each carries 16 supersonic SS-N-12 Sandbox anti-ship missiles

White Fleets

At the Norwegian port of Edfjord, an engine room fire on the cruise ship *Deutschland* at a pier forced evacuation of 607 people, including 364 passengers. The ship is the "star" of the German TV Show "Das Traumschiff," a show about a world-traveling cruise ship.

And the Italian-flagged *Vistamar* was detained at Belfast until numerous faults were fixed.

One cruise company was hard-hit when its *Zenith* and 1,140 passengers were unable to start a week-long cruise of Greek Islands when strikers closed the port of Piraeus for 24 hours. Greek seamen have been protesting government plans to lift restrictions on vessels with foreign crews docking in Greece and cruising between its islands. Also affected by the quickie strike were at least 30 ferries and five other cruise ships. A month later, same *Zenith*, same destinations, only the vessel started from Malta instead of Piraeus and the company warned if the situation continued, it would not travel to Greece again.

The former commandant of Jamaica's Island Constabulary Force fled the island after being charged with sexual assault on a minor. The vehicle of escape was the cruise

ship *Carnival Liberty*. Police boarded the vessel with an arrest in mind but the naughty one grabbed a lifejacket and jumped overboard. He was quickly captured and, somewhat ironically, his attorney then claimed his client had fled because he didn't trust the Jamaican justice system!

While a young couple were on a cruise on the *Paradise*, a baby girl was born while off San Diego. Both mother and child needed medical attention so a Coast Guard small boat took them ashore.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Third World ferries continued to sink and drown humans. In Bangladesh, an overloaded river ferry capsized in bad weather and at least 12 died and others were missing. Many were school children.

In Mozambique, a ferry carrying 82 Somali nationals capsized and nine died while another 40 were missing.

The ferry *Camilla* was overloaded with fuel barrels and more than 140 passengers when it sank on the Amazon River near Peru's border with Columbia and 12 died while dozens were missing.

As the Manly ferry *Collaroy* approached Sydney's Circular Quay, two young Irish tourists stripped to their shorts and jumped overboard. Climbing out at the famed Opera House, they were met by multiple policemen and later paid \$200 fines.

A woman arrived at Holyhead on a ferry from Dublin with €26,000 in €500 bills in her bra. She claimed she had sold a business in Ireland but could provide no proof. The UK Border Agency kept the money since it suspected it was the product of criminal activity. The money will be returned if/when the woman can prove to a court that it came from a legitimate source.

In Western Australia, at the builder's yard in Henderson, strong winds ripped a newbuild \$100 million trimaran ferry from its moorings and tugs were needed. The 102-metre ferry can carry 1,165 passengers and hit a top speed of 39 knots.

The Swedish ferry company Stena RoRo will remove mid-body sections from the 2006-built *Stena Trader* and the 2007-built *Stena Traveller* before they go on a five-year charter with the Canadian Maritimes ferry company Atlantic Marine, replacing the popular but aging *Caribou* and *Joseph* and *Clara Smallwood* by mid-summer next year.

Stena Line will build the world's largest ferry. At 62,200 tons, the *Stena Britannica*, however, will be far smaller than the biggest cruise ship, the *Oasis of the Seas* at 225,282 tons.

Legal Matters

Both the chief engineer and the operator of the chemical tanker *Chem Faros* pleaded guilty of violating the US's Act to Prevent Pollution from Ships and making false statements, and the company was fined \$850,000. He gets sentenced later.

And the Turkish owner of the combined chemical and oil tanker *Kerim* was fined \$725,000 by a US court on two charges of failing to maintain an oil record book. Several members of the crew had tipped off federal authorities when they boarded the ship at Tampa. The tanker has since been renamed *Chem Pegasus*.

Illegal Imports

A Royal Navy gang tried to smuggle £2 million worth of cocaine into the UK on the destroyer *HMS Manchester*. A female sailor had picked up the stash in Columbia and it

was found in the linings of her clothing in a locker upon arrival at Plymouth.

And two Spanish men were sentenced to 12 years in jail for trying to smuggle 33kg of cocaine (street value €8 million) into the UK on the cruise ship *Black Watch* in March.

The Nigerian Customs Service seized the foreign fishing trawler *Felistar* for smuggling contraband into the country. The contraband consisted of 300 cartons of frozen chicken, 1,600 cartons of baron (?) wine, apples, used clothing, second-hand refrigerators, hides and skins, rice, and more. The trawler had been refitted for smuggling.

Nature

In the Mediterranean, Greenpeace activists from the that group's *Arctic Sunrise* were dropping sandbags into purse-seine nets to allow tuna to escape when a French fisherman from the French tuna catcher *Jean-Marie Christian VI* angrily drove a harpoon into the thigh of an English activist. He required surgery in a Malta hospital. The fishermen have only 15 days on the high seas each year to catch tuna.

In Australia, the Russian master of Greenpeace's *Esperanza* was fined \$8,000 on three charges arising from a 36-hour blockade of the Hay Point coal terminal although charges against Greenpeace were dropped.

Maersk, the world's largest shipping company, will decline to carry containers with any fish that Greenpeace had declared to be a member of an at-risk species. Included will be New Zealand orange roughly, the Patagonian toothfish (aka Chilean sea bass), shark, whale, and canned tuna. Fresh tuna usually travels by air.

In Japan, the New Zealand skipper of the Sea Shepherd's trimaran *Ady Gil* went on trial after being indicted on five charges (trespassing, obstruction of business, property destruction, violation of a weapons law, and assault). He pleaded guilty to the first four charges but denied the assault charge. He faces up to 15 years in jail. A Japanese whaler collided with the *Ady Gil*, cutting off its bow so that it later sank. Its skipper boarded the whaler, intending to make a citizen's arrest of its skipper and present him with a bill for loss of the *Ady Gil*. Instead, the whaler took the Kiwi back to Japan, where he was arrested.)

Off New York the clam-dredger *ESS Pursuit* hauled up ten WW I shells containing liquid mustard gas. One broke open as it was being returned overboard and two fishermen needed hospitalization for blistering and other problems. The other fishermen and the FV were isolated and then decontaminated while what to do with its 504,000-pound catch of clams was being considered.

Several Americans outfitted a tugboat to scoop some of the floating trash caught in the North Pacific Gyre, a Texas-sized eddy between California and Hawaii.

Canada's leading authority on Arctic shipping stated that the Northwest Passage would not become a Panama Canal in his youngish lifetime. He added that the Northwest Passage was a destination, not a transit route that makes business sense.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

The total number of pirate attacks was up 150% but actual hijackings were down 25% as resistance to being hijacked increased sharply. About 600 pirates are being held by a growing number of cooperating nations. Successful prosecutions are relatively easy to achieve although where to house prisoners is a problem. In Kenya, there is confidence that

106 Somalis will be sentenced while in the US a pirate pleaded guilty to seizing a ship (the *Maersk Alabama*) and kidnapping its master (Capt Richard Phillips) and will face a minimum of 27 years in jail. A Yemeni court was far tougher; it sentenced six Somali pirates to death by shooting and jailed six others to ten years for hijacking a Yemeni tanker last year and killing two of its crew.

After failure of shoreside negotiations by five pirates with a Somali mediator, the ten-man crew of the North Korea-flagged cargo ship *Rim* regained control of their ship from the five remaining pirates even though another hijacked ship, the *Voc Victoria Daisy*, gave chase for some time until scared off by a helicopter from the Spanish frigate *Victoria*. It is unclear whether the five pirates were killed but the warship's medics treated some wounded. The freed *Rim* was in such poor condition that it wasn't able to proceed very far before its machinery quit. Dutch technicians tried to get it going again but it was decided to abandon the *Rim* and let it drift, probably taking on enough water in the prevailing rough conditions to sink. However, many continued to exhibit curiosity about why the Yemeni and Libyan governments had been so solicitous about the North Korean ship's fate.

About 50 troops from Puntland, a semi-autonomous part of Somalia, stormed and retook the *QSM Dubai* after the ship's master was shot and killed by seven pirates. They were arrested. The destroyer *USS Cole* (remember her?) was standing by at a distance and later supplied medical help to two injured officers.

Odd Bits

In 1941, a US navy sailor lost his wallet at a commercial Chicago school to which he had been sent for training in hydraulics. Recently it was found, dusty but intact after 69 years, complete with his social security card and family photos including some of his girlfriend who was killed in a car crash three years after they were married.

The Singapore-registered tugboat *Asta* and the barge *Callista* were hijacked in the South China Sea off Malaysia. The pirates took the vessels into Philippine waters to be sold with new names but both were seized by the police of a remote island. Then that nation's anti-smuggling agency claimed ownership of the craft because they had entered Philippine waters without paying customs duties! The owner does have recourse to courts to have the decision reversed.

On the Mississippi River near St Louis, a small towboat was sucked under its barge by a strong current. Its crew of one swallowed a good deal of river water as he travelled under the full length of the barge but the life vest he was wearing no doubt helped him survive. Two sets of willing hands pulled him out as soon as he popped to the surface.

Head-Shaker

Last November, two Dutch divers were working on an underwater memorial in Aruba when a digital camera in a water-tight housing floated away. Six months later, the camera was found on a beach at Key West, Florida. The finder tried the camera, it worked, and it was soon evident that a sea turtle had played with the floating camera or had tried to eat it. In the process, it turned the camera on and incidentally photographed itself. The video can be found on YouTube.

I suppose it could have been worse. Granted, it can always get worse. Biggest damage done was to my pride. *Lady Bug* is moored this season in a borrowed slip out at the end of a fairly long float here at Diamond Lake. The dock sits exposed to wind and wakes and jumps around a fair amount. Back in San Diego, with *Plum Duff*, I always made it a point to open the pierside life lines before stepping off to secure the mooring lines as I landed under sail. That slip was very “public” and the thought of tripping on a lifeline and landing on my forehead on the concrete dock while the boat continued on an unsupervised trajectory was motive enough to self-enforce a bit of safety protocol. I guess it was a slightly different spin on the admonition, “pride goeth before the fall.”

At least this early in the inland northwestern boating season, there isn’t really anybody else around on the still largely-unoccupied slips much of the time except *Lady Bug*, and yours truly, of course. I make my sailing departures and returns pretty much unobserved. In fact, I mentioned to one of my local compatriots that sailboats around here are so rare and apparently unremarkable to the indigenous that “nobody even knows it’s supposed to be hard to land a sailboat in an enclosed slip under sail.” Even when people are around, they don’t even seem to notice just how precisely I can place a boat with no “power.” No telling if a major foul-up would be left equally unnoted.

Whereas, back in the more sailboat-cognizant country of SOCAL, my every landing and departure was more or less observed and “judged” by any number of observers.

Boats Really Don’t Make Sense

It Only Hurts When I Laugh

By Dan Rogers

So getting underway with the shore power cable still attached, a spring line left on a breast cleat, or dinghy painter fouling somebody’s outboard motor or barbecue would certainly be “noted, recorded, and reported.” Yeah, pride and ego can actually keep us out of trouble. Sometimes. But as I was saying, my “skill and daring-do” go pretty much unnoticed in this part of the world. And that’s probably a pretty good thing, as it turns out.

The other evening, after a rather nice drift-and-ghost to the far end of the lake and back, I made a more or less routine landing under sail. Maneuvering into this slip normally takes a shift from a run, to a close reach, and finally coming about to a half-boat-length beat before dropping both main and jib, and “flaring” alongside. When it’s blowing, a momentary pause constitutes a brief luffing-up before the sails hit boom and foredeck. Everything has to work as planned, and rather quickly for that matter. A fouled sheet, halyard, or getting caught in stays could lead to a completely other-than-

planned outcome. But the night in question having only light wind, I decided at the very last minute to leave the sails two-blocked. Shouldn’t be such a big deal.

We were at barely steerage speed as we paralleled the dock edge, and standing off about 6’ or so from the beamiest spot on that rather beamy little pocket cruiser. I reached up for the starboard shroud, stepped OVER the lifeline, and became an instant unguided missile. I guess my shoe snagged the wire. All I can say is that it must have been quite a graceful dive, if only I had been aimed at the water. Instead, I landed on palms, forearms, knees, and what ever else might have been sticking out “with the grain” on the significantly weathered and splintery plank surface.

As I lay there face down, gathering my wits and wondering if anything important was broken, I remembered that *Lady Bug* was not only not moored, she was still sails up and rudder free. It was one of those moments when the desire to simply lie there in a puddle of personal anguish and whimper quietly is in direct competition with the fervent hope that “nobody saw that.”

This particular slip is at the “lake” end and in full view for people walking on the beach or passing in cars. And there was little *Lady Bug*, just nose-in to the dock and gently curtsying with main slacked and jib luffing, shielding her prone and rather humiliated skipper from public view. Now, that’s a real shipmate for ya.

Oh yeah, and the regular use of a certain pelican hook on a certain lifeline is a required part of my pre-landing mental checklist. Now. Probably a good idea, even if nobody notices.

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Low Tech Can Be Good

By Dan Rogers

Lady Bug was sort of pressed into an unusual assignment over July 4th. It would appear that she morphed to a SKI BOAT. Yep. A ski boat. Sort of. Pretty neat, actually. Hereabouts on the Fourth of July folks do a sort of promenade around the lake, kind of like the classic see-and-be-seen promenades once the rage in Mexican plazas on Sundays and holidays except, instead of drolling up in finest boots and lace, it has more to do with flags and bunting and motor boats. And, you hasten to ask, "what has any of this cultural observation stuff got to do with making a decidedly roly-poly little displacement hulled pocket sail cruiser into a ski boat?" Well, thanks for asking.

It all goes back to when I was about 11 or maybe 12. One of the neighbor boys and his mother joined my family for an afternoon picnic/swim/beachcombing party up at Priest Lake in northern Idaho. The highlight of that particular trip was the decidedly well-traveled chunk of plywood they brought along. There was always room for more people someplace in the Ford station wagon and

anything that didn't fit inside went up on the roof rack. Or, in the home built 12' skiff, with an already ancient Sea King 5 horse kicker, on the home built, but at least secondhand, trailer that followed us on many of these expeditions. My friend and his mother called this contrivance an "aquaplane." It was probably 2' wide by about 3' long. There was a built up nose (painted brown, I believe), a couple of holes for a tow rope to pass through to overhand knots, and a bit of a rope handle. What a marvelous invention!

I suppose we, in fact, had a picnic on the beach that day. Probably even had watermelon. But as far as I was concerned, the entire outing focused on that wonderful hunk of plywood. You see, about all we had to do was tie a chunk of rope from the boat to the board, wade out to about knee deep, flop down, and say "hit it!" And we were skiing, after a fashion. Well, not exactly skiing. But it took almost no time to figure out that a kid could stand up, and go "no hands" and even get to darting back and forth across the boat's wake.

These days, wakeboarding behind 20' plus gleaming vessels powered by Chevy V-8s is all the rage. When one of the neighbor grandkids that I get to "rent" now and then asked about wakeboarding, I had to admit that while I currently have a couple of powerboats in the fleet, neither has the luxury of a working engine. And then those memories

of a slow boat and simple hunk of plywood came back. Why not? Those rented grandkids are about the same age as my brother and I were way back when we first went "aquaplaning." Why not rig *Lady Bug* with the slightly larger kicker that I rescued from her big sister, *Plum Duff*, who I had to give away this past spring when nobody wanted to buy her down in San Diego? Why not hang about 90lbs of motor off the transom of a 14' waterline sailboat, put a kid on a homemade aquaplane, and repeat history? Why not indeed?

Oh yeah, the deal with the Mexican plaza and the fancy shoes? Since I was planning to rig *Lady Bug* with traditional dress ship bunting and tow a few of the dinghy fleet loaded with rented kids in the Fourth of July parade anyway, I was already gonna need more horsepower than the little MinnKota can provide. So I already had the "ski boat" more or less in mind.

So we went out and gave 'er a try. I don't think *Lady Bug* was able to shoulder that burgeoning bow wave aside at more than 5kts even with the proverbial tail wind but, as the pictures show, history did, in fact, repeat. What a wonderful adventure for the bunch of us. No fancy, big engined boat. No store-bought anything. Just a really neat day out on the lake doing stuff that most nobody thinks of anymore.

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PHOTO BY TODD HARRINGTON

Flying Jib Gets Some TLC

April 26: Work continues on the *Flying Jib* Friendship sloop owned by Sara Beck of Topsfield, Massachusetts. Sara's nephew, Ben Spivak of Colorado, who is a schooner sailor in his own right, and his girlfriend, Kate Tansky, are replanking and reframing the *Flying Jib* in part to get her ready for the 50th anniversary of the Friendship Sloop regatta in July in Rockland, Maine. Ben and Kate are a welcome presence in the yard and with Harold's guidance they are doing a great job on the old girl. Sara also comes down on weekends to work hard. It is tough work but they are doing it with a smile as always.

One photo shows Harold bending the frame after it came out of the steambox, the next shows him bending the frame into the hull of the *Flying Jib*, the third shows him under the bow using a crowbar to push the still warm frame up and into place.



Boat Building with Harold Burnham

From Harold's Blog
at www.burnhamboatbuilding.com/

Sistering Frames With Old-Fashioned Ingenuity

May 8: Ben and Kate are pictured working on the *Flying Jib*, they are a great team and they have been very diligently sistering frames. They are driving these new ribs down through the covering board all the way to the keel. It is a great way of adding new life to an old boat and hopefully giving the *Flying Jib* many more seasons (or at least a few!) and we are very impressed by their hard work and dedication. We also love their banana bread!



Not Bad for a Week's Work

May 28: Ben and Harold (and Kate and Sara, too!) worked feverishly one week using one red oak log to complete a masterful job where they scarfed a new piece on to the after end of the keel, replaced the stern post, replaced the after deadwood, and also added a new horn timber, added a new transom knee, and are currently building a new rudder. As Ben commented, "not bad for a week's work and all out of one red oak log." And, as Harold mentioned, to paraphrase, "I did use red oak over white oak (and yes, Harold is saving his coveted white oak for his new schooner to begin construction next month) but the *Flying Jib* was originally built with red oak over 50 years ago and will still have some good sailing days in her!"



Interested in following the ongoing saga of what's going on at Harold Burnham's Boatyard in Essex, Massachusetts? Log on to: www.burnhamboatbuilding.com/.



Sawdust poised in the barn door.



Owner/restorer Eric Borden ready to ride Sawdust down the ways.



Splash!

Replacing the barn door until next time...



Another Launching at the Burnham Boatyard (Essex, Massachusetts)

By Bob Hicks



The following note from local boat builder Harold Burnham prompted me to get over to nearby Essex on June 19:

"Burnham Boatbuilding and Capt Harold Burnham are pleased to announce the launching of a custom-built 25' gaff-rigged yawl originally built by the late Carroll N. Borden of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and finished by his son, Eric Borden, also of Haverhill. The Borden family are long time residents of Haverhill, Carroll N. Borden served as a Haverhill firefighter as his career and the family is still active in town.

Eric has been working with Harold since late fall on this family treasure and it is sure a beauty. The yawl, named *Sawdust*, will launch this Saturday, June 19, at 6pm (high tide) from the barn doors of Burnham Boatbuilding in Essex into the Essex River basin. The Essex Shipbuilding Museum will offer a great vantage point for photographers and interested Cape Ann and Merrimack Valley residents. This is the first barn launch since 2002 so it should be interesting and the yawl is beautiful so if the light is right it could make a nice photo op.

Capt Harold Burnham, Burnham Boatbuilding, 11 Burnham Court, Essex, MA 01929, 978-768-2569 or 978-290-7168, haburnham@gmail.com"

I have been following Harold's building since the 1980s (our June 15, 1988 cover story was about the launching of the *Chief*, a rebuilt inboard launch from the very same barn. Can it be 22 years since?

Herewith are a few photos of the launching, which drew a sizeable number of onlookers across the tidal creek on the Essex Shipbuilding Museum grounds, a crowd which responded to the successful splashing of *Sawdust* with a rousing cheer. People who attend boat launchings are an appreciative bunch.

Following the launching I took a few photos of the many charms of Harold's boatyard. I was not alone in contemplating and appreciating the clutter of a real old time boatyard where many old wooden boats go to be saved (Harold has also built some impressive new vessels here). Harold is the eighth Burnham generation to build boats on the site, it has to be a hallowed ground for those who value such dedication to an enduring (despite modern technology) craft.



Sarah Beck's *Flying Jib* is an old Friendship sloop she's sailed a dozen years out of nearby Salem until a close look inside revealed the virtual absence of frames. The accompanying report from the Burnham website reveals more about this project.



It's unclear what's going on here with a workshop poised adjacent to a seriously troubled hull.

In order to have room in the barn to build Harold has a few outbuildings in which to store stuff.



What a great start to summer we had here on the coast of Maine! Our boats have been in the water and since mid-May. The high school sailing team has been in full swing with almost 20 students sailing and racing several days a week and the shop has been busy day and night as apprentices got our two large boat projects ready for their successful launch and graduation mid-June.

On June 18 we launched a 31'6" Haj sloop restoration built by Justin McAnaney, Vanya Davydov, Tyler Zogby, and Adam Yanchunis, and a 23' Mermaid sloop built by Eric Coker, Phil Huening, Pat Walsh, and Kat Tychonievich.

But this was only the beginning of our summer. Over the next month we'll continue our youth and adult summer sailing classes, host several boat building and sailing workshops for adults, and continue our popular "Second Thursdays at the Apprenticeshop." I'm particularly excited about our big event this August.

Most of us know Steve Thomas as the former host of "This Old House," but what you might not know is that before Steve became famous for renovating old houses, he spent time in the South Seas learning the traditional navigation techniques of the islanders. Steve will be here at the shop on August 12 to share his experience and help us raffle off the shop-built skiff he's shown rowing in the picture. The \$15 entrance fee includes a chance to win an Apprenticeshop-built Susan skiff to be raffled off the same evening.

A reminder, "Summer Workshops for Adults" continue through this month. Course schedule and registration information is available on the homepage of our website: www.apprenticeshop.org.

News from the Rockland Apprenticeshop

By Eric Stockinger



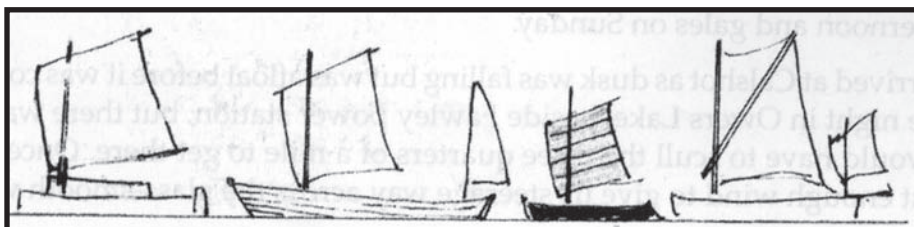
Steve Thomas with Emma and Marley in the Susan skiff raffle prize.

h school sailing club in action.



23' Mermaid sloop ready for launching.

Haj sloop restoration being readied for launch.



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I should have suggested this at the outset. It seems to me that this design/build project is the perfect vehicle for parent/child collaboration. Even if the kid isn't interested in boats per se, they might be intrigued by the design process. The transom expansion, which I have managed to confuse, might pique the interest of the geometry or trig student.

I hit the Home Depot the other day and bought five sheets of lauan underlayment. One sheet was lauan both sides, the others, some sort of showy hardwood one side. In the dim light of the wood aisle it appeared to be three equal plies. In the cold light of day it became obvious that there were three thick plies, faced each side with paper thin veneer which flakes off on some of the cut edges.

It's very attractive stuff, but why they go to the expense of fancy face plies and then sell it for cheap underlayment is beyond me. Unfortunately, the center ply is the longitudinal one, which is the opposite of what we want for this project. Well, let's make do. We'll build a fancy one after we get this one figured out.

Somehow or other you have gotten all the sections on a sheet of paper. Do they look right? Any thing very far off should be obvious. The bow transom should reach highest from the baseline. Either #2 or the transom should be next highest. Check your measurement before you tear up a lot of plywood.

Decide where you are going to cut your section molds to get the most efficient use of the wood. Draw a line on the wood to represent the centerline of the section. Lay your pattern so that its centerline coincides with the line on the wood and tape or pin it down. Make two deep punctures, one each top and bottom of the centerline. Now prick through the chosen section with an awl or the dressmaker's wheel. Unfasten the paper and flip it over so that the two centerline marks are in register, and fasten. Prick through the old holes. Mark the piece with station number, distance aft of fp, and height above baseline.

Time for a change of pace. Let's build the strongback. It should probably be at least a couple of feet wide and a little longer than the boat. Put crosspieces at the station points where they will be handy to support the molds. Stretch a string or fine wire down the middle. Probably a couple or corner braces to keep it square would be good.

It's obvious that the transoms or bulkheads, if 1/4" stuff like mine, don't have much bearing to fasten planking. We need to put a perimeter of solid wood around the permanent molds to take fastenings or glue. The one or two mid-ships molds are under light compression and we do not need to use any fastenings.

Down at Colibrán Supply, I bought a bundle of lath. It used to be nicely planed but this is a bit rough. It's very handy stuff to have around the boatshop and you should keep it in stock if you do much woodworking. You can glue it around the edge of the ply

Super Dink

Part 5

By Jim Thayer

and nick off the overlap with the bandsaw. Let's look carefully at the bow transom and then you can use the same consideration on the others. Because of the slope of the bow the plank needs to encounter the reinforcement below the actual plywood. Therefore, our added piece must project beyond the plywood. Another thing, it would be well to add a piece of 1/4" rather than lath at the bottom of the bow transom to take a painter fitting. Same thing on the transom for rudder fittings.

We better look ahead a bit and consider the planking. If you are going for clinker, outfit yourself with tweed jacket, tie and cap, and read up on it. Strip planking calls for an apron and attention to keeping the glue mopped up inside. I have decided to have a go at some wide strakes as often seen on English boats. If you remember the Shrimper and Crabber, and, of course the Drascombe, you know what I mean. Dix's Cape Henry 21 in the centerfold of the *May Sailing* is a very attractive home-built example of the genre.

I intend to add my edge reinforcement to the top and bottom of the molds and then set them up, line off three strakes, and then add straight pieces projecting beyond the edge of the molds to take the strakes. In the mind's eye this looks perfectly straightforward. There will need to be some accommodation for keeping the plank edges together. We'll see what works. I'll try some sketches to illustrate some of the above concepts.

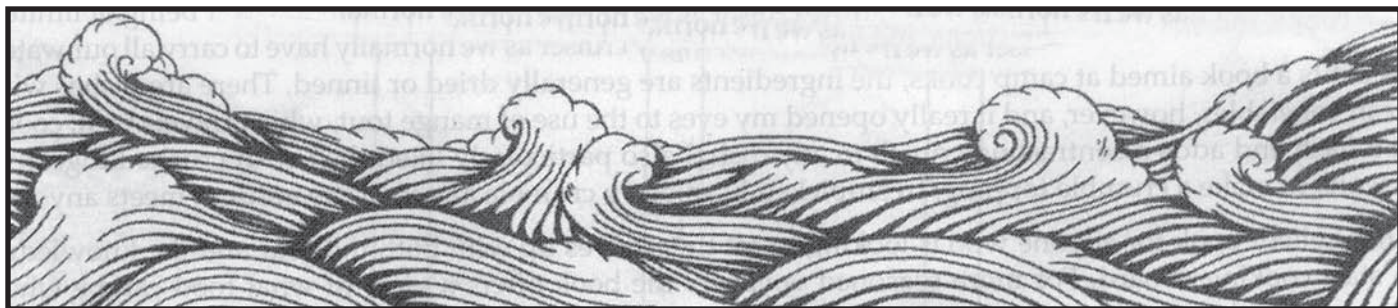
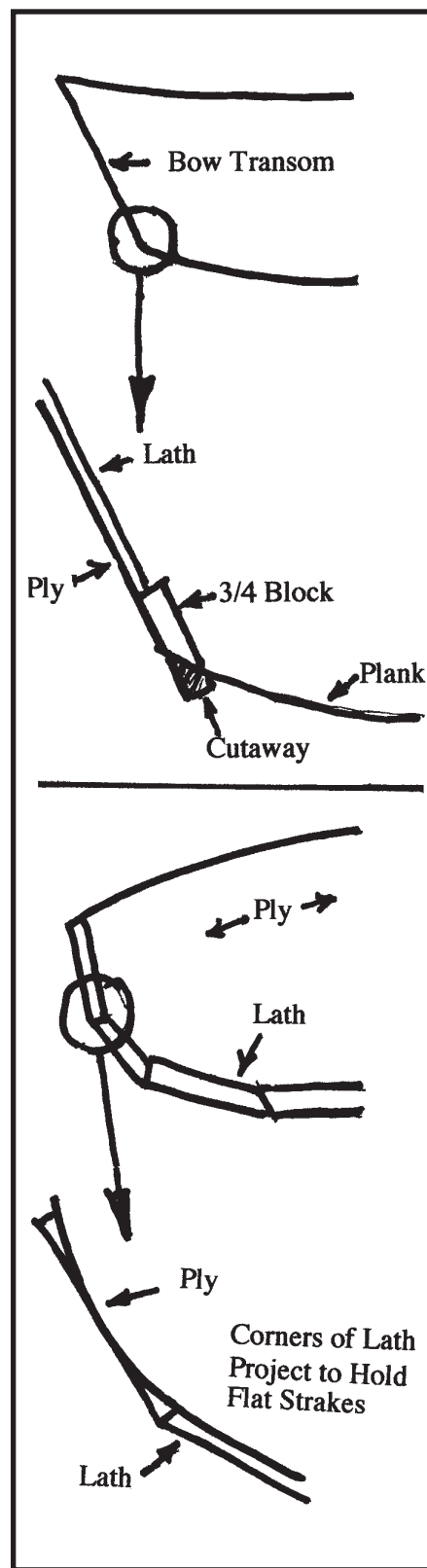
I recommend covering the transoms and bulkheads both sides with light glass cloth. I certainly would if using 1/8" doorskin. Probably the time to do it is before you put on the mold edging. We have lots of stuff going on this trip so maybe a little review is in order.

1. Cut out stations. If you feel comfortable with them carry on. Otherwise you could temporarily set them up to see if they will work.

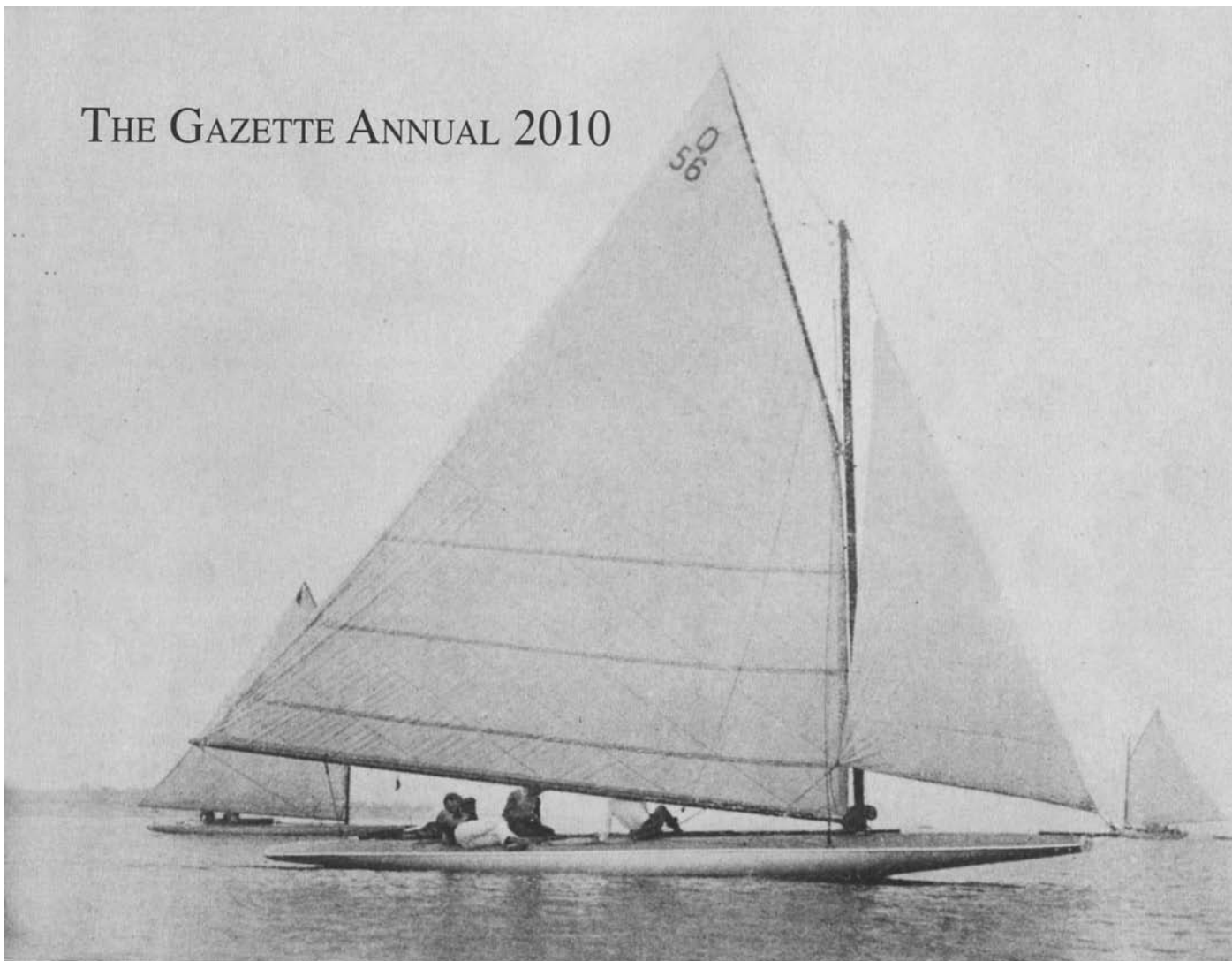
2. Cover transoms and bulkheads with glass.

3. Put on edge reinforcement and trim. Maybe pre-shape where it needs to project.

Now figure out how to mount the molds on the strongback. This will involve sticks, hot glue, drywall screws, clamps, or whatever. Be sure that the centerline of the molds is exactly over the string and that the molds are the correct height above the strongback, which has become the baseline. If getting them the right height is a problem, erect a post at each end and run a string above the molds (it's actually below them for this purpose) which becomes the baseline for measurement. Finally, perhaps with a helper, run a batten all over the setup to be sure everything is fair. Have a drink and spend some time marveling at what you have done!



THE GAZETTE ANNUAL 2010



An historically important racing yacht, the 31' sailing scow, *Akabo*, found a new home at the Antique Boat Museum in 2009. Donated by Trustee Emeritus Charles Snelling, *Akabo* has been on the St Lawrence River since 1899. Built only a year earlier in 1898, *Akabo* is a significant artifact for both yacht racing in general and for Thousand Islands history.

Development of the modern racing scow, such the A-Scow and E-Scow, can be traced back to the creation of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Challenge Trophy for Small Yachts (Seawanhaka Cup) in 1895. One of many rules established over the years attempting to create fair yacht racing conditions, the Seawanhaka Rule adds together the waterline length of the hull and the square root of sail area and divides this result by two. The result must fall within the length limits of the class in order to compete. The trade-off for this particular rule is that more sail area could be carried with a subsequent reduction in waterline length.

Taken to the extreme, the rule resulted in boat designs that minimized waterline length while carrying long overhangs so that effective waterline length increased while the vessel was underway and heeled over. In 1895 the class limit was 15' or, as they were known, "half-raters." In 1897 the class length was increased to 20' and it is to this rule that *Akabo* was built. Taken to an extreme,

Akabo

By Dan Miller

Reprinted from *The Gazette Annual*
of the Antique Boat Museum

these boats were referred to as "Out and Out Freaks" by the popular press at the time.

In 1896, the Seawanhaka Cup was won by the Canadian boat *Glencairn*, owned by G. Herrick Duggan, who successfully defended the Cup against an American challenger in 1897. It was to challenge for the Cup in 1898 that *Akabo* was built. Designed and built at Oyster Bay, Long Island, by Lawrence Huntington, Jr for Clark Miller, *Akabo* measures 31' length overall with a waterline length of 17'6", has a beam of 6'7" and 6" draft with centerboard up.

Akabo was one of five boats competing for the privilege of challenging for the Cup in a series of races held off Oyster Bay in July of 1898. Two of the other challengers, *Seawanhaka* and *Cicada*, are notable as they were designed by Clinton Crane and built by Spalding St Lawrence Boat Co in Ogdensburg, New York. Clinton Crane, one of America's foremost boat designers, has connections to the current day Museum; he designed the Gold Cup raceboat *Dixie II (III)* and his firm designed the houseboat *La*

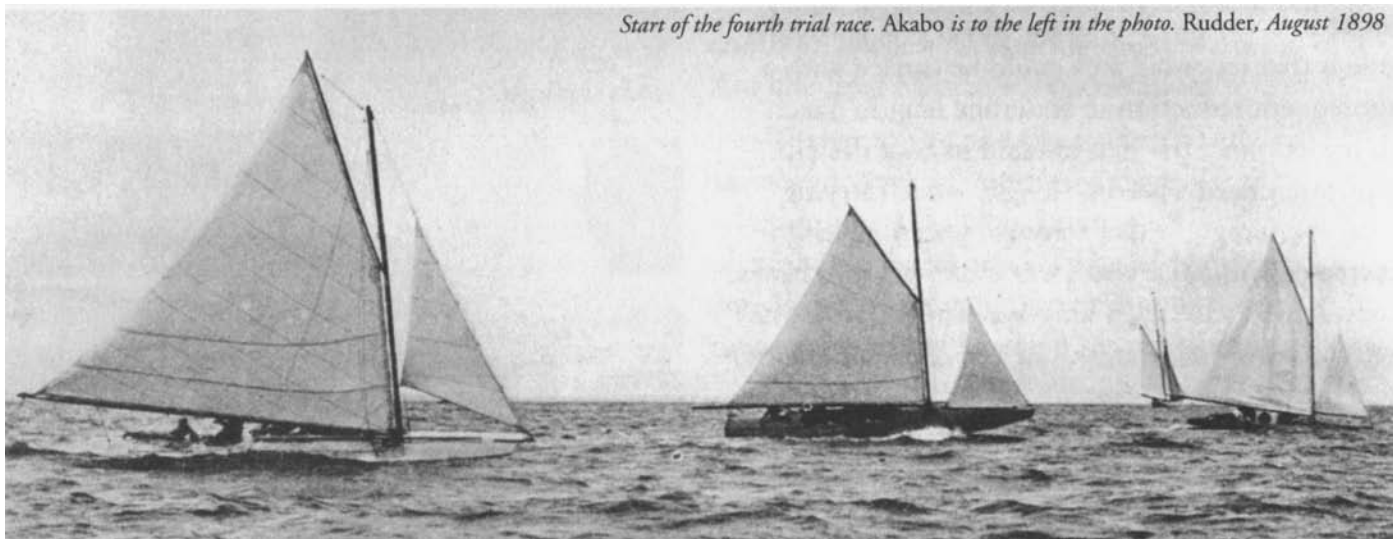
Duchesse, both of which are now part of the Museum's collection.

A series of 13 races were held to determine which boat would challenge G. Herrick Duggan for the Cup in 1898. Although *Akabo* performed admirably in these races, Clinton Crane and his crew sailing *Seawanhaka* won the right to challenge. *Akabo* very well may have earned the right to race for the Cup had one of her crew members not been so careless when tossing aside a cigar butt, setting her suit of silk racing sails on fire. She didn't sail as well with her spare set in the subsequent races.

For what it's worth, *Seawanhaka* was so poorly built that Clinton Crane built a second boat, the *Challenger*, to the same design with which to compete for the Cup. He was easily defeated by Duggan, who stretched the rules with *Dominion*, which had a novel catamaran-like hull.

Through the late 1890s and early 1900s, many of the new racing scows were sold to the Midwest following the Seawanhaka Cup races. This type of racing yacht found favor on the many lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Ultimately these early boats evolved into the several scow classes still actively raced today, ranging from the 38' A-Scow to the 16' MC Scow.

However, *Akabo*, *Seawanhaka*, and *Challenger* made their way up to the St Lawrence instead. *Akabo* was purchased by Cotton Allen Hayden and brought to the Thou-



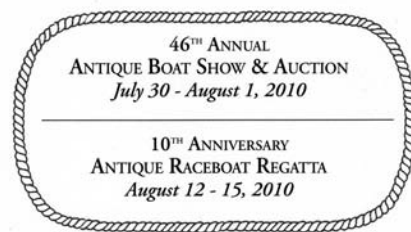
Start of the fourth trial race. Akabo is to the left in the photo. Rudder, August 1898

sand Islands in 1899. Cotton Allen was the son of William Hayden, who had built his summer home on Estrellita Island, near Alexandria Bay. Cotton Allen, with his brother John Harold as crew, won the Bell Trophy, the Englis Cup, and the Hayden Cup numerous times in races held by the Chippewa Yacht Club and Thousand Island Yacht Club.

In the early 1980s Charles Snelling purchased the Hayden cottage on Estrellita Island. Shortly after this purchase, Mr Snelling learned that *Akabo* still survived and was in a boathouse on Sunnyside Island. Soon thereafter, he found himself towing it a half-mile upriver, back to its home at Estrellita. While intending to have it restored, other projects came first, and after a while she was moved to a boathouse on the mainland,

where she was kept dry and secure until Mr Snelling donated the boat to the Museum.

Considering her age, *Akabo* is in a remarkably good state of preservation, largely due to Mr Snelling's care of her over the last 25 years. As a racing boat, she is lightly constructed so it is not surprising that her hull has changed shape some over the years. Apart from her centerboard, which lies somewhere on the bottom of the St Lawrence River, she is complete with all of her rig and a set of sails accounted for. Museum staff are continuing to research her history further, and we hope to locate a set of original plans that would be a great aid to reshaping her hull properly. We'd love to raise enough funds to restore her properly and place her on exhibit, what a magnificent sight that would be!



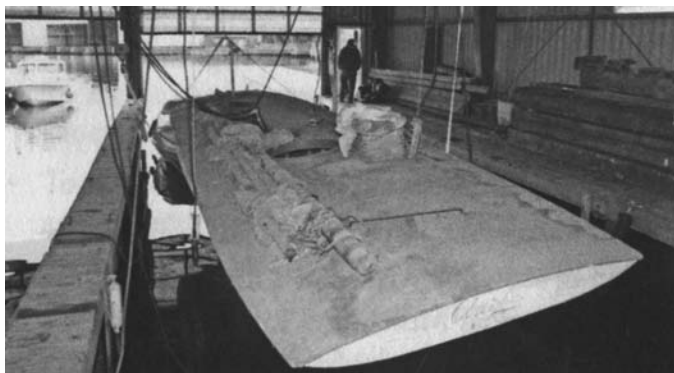
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First look at *Akabo* as she is lowered from the rafters of Mr Snelling's boathouse where she spent the last 20 years.

Wrapped in plastic, *Akabo* is floated across to the boat launch from the Snelling boathouse. Staffers Sam Hopkins and Jim Mellowship guide her to the take-out.



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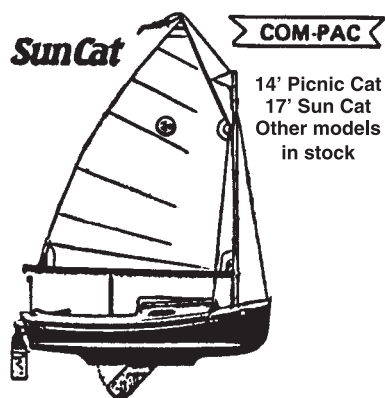
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25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

August 1985

By Bob Hicks

Ron Ginger's *Thumper* sure got a lot of attention at Mystic Seaport's Small Craft Workshop. The first powerboat to participate in this annual affair, the 17' Nahant dory with its 1904 Gray one-lunger seemed to have a constant gathering around it at the float, especially while Ron was working out the "first outing" bugs in the engine operation.

"I found out more about making this engine run right this weekend than I would have all summer working alone," Ron explained. Amongst the onlookers were several with prior experience with one-lungers and each in turn was able to help Ron solve an overheating problem and an erratic running problem. The former was due to a poor water pump gasket joint, the latter to the location of the exhaust port almost on the waterline. This meant variation in back pressure for the engine depending on whether or not the port was above or below water. Once realized, this was dealt with by placing passengers forward and to port keeping the exhaust continually out of the water. Then the evenly spaced thumps echoed out over the river in a pleasing way.

Last March, at the monthly meeting of the small craft club at Salem, Massachusetts' Peabody Museum, Ron had skimmed through John Gardner's second edition *Dory Book* and lo, there was the Nahant Power Dory. Ron had acquired the one-lunger Gray at the Owl's Head (Maine) Museum auction a year earlier with intent of fitting it into an old launch hull. Ron has a summer camp near East Boothbay, Maine, on a tidal estuary that really does not permit sailing in and out with tide, wind, current, and lack of maneuvering space all conspiring against it. So he had in mind a traditional inboard motor launch or maybe even a baby tug. The Nahant dory grabbed him, though. It had the traditional lines and construction dear to his heart, and

his motor was just right for the size.

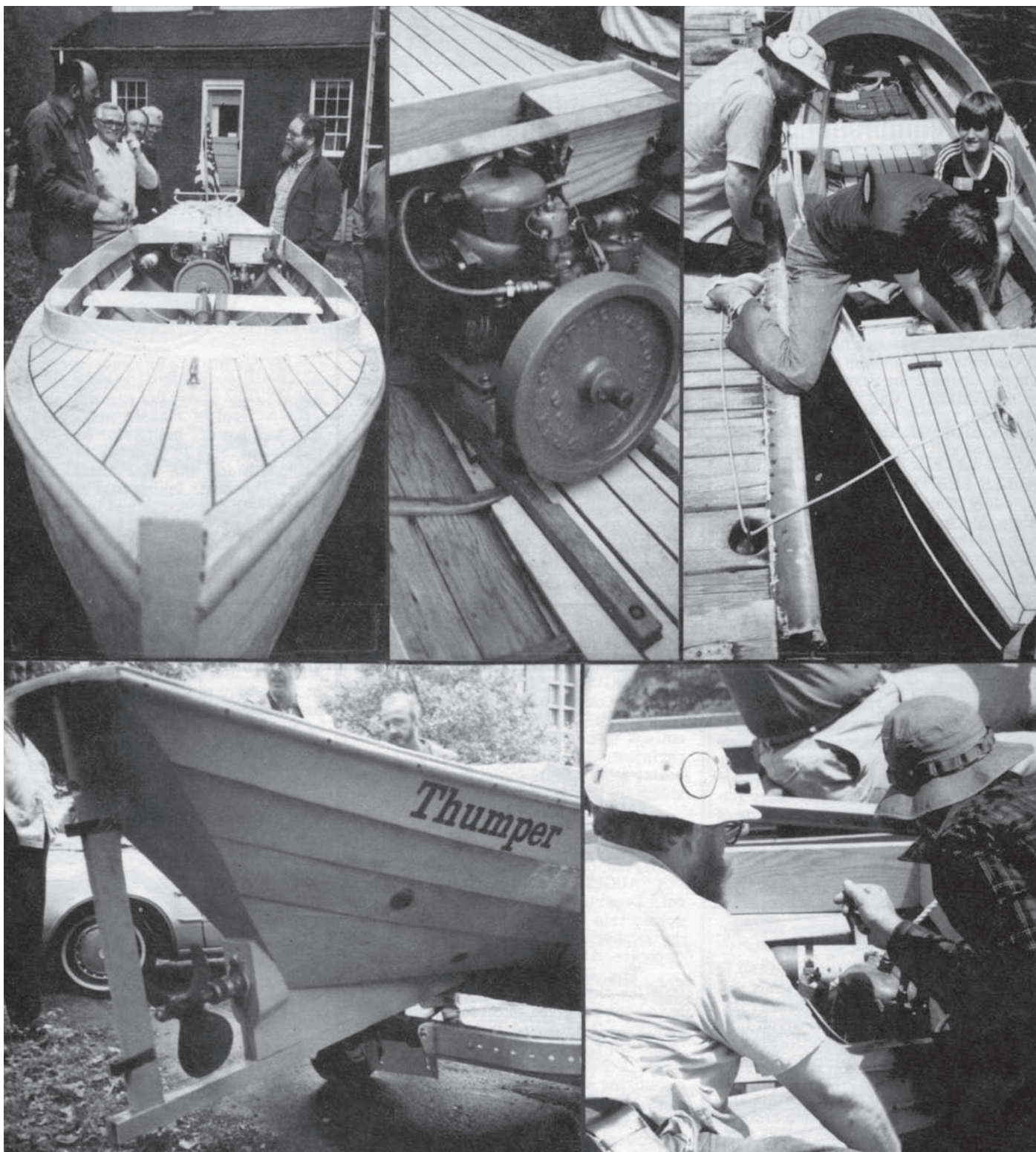
About March 15 Ron went to work on the dory in his garage. He's built a number of traditional small boats and has the experience and equipment for the job, it wasn't a learning experience. He began to use some accumulated back vacation time to put in concentrated two or three-day sessions, working from early morning until midnight or later. The boat took shape rapidly, a dory isn't a complex building task if one knows how it's done.

The goal became having it ready for the Mystic meet the first weekend in June. Ron's intense application to the task resulted in success, *Thumper* was running at Mystic. "I really wanted to do its first sea trials beforehand," Ron admitted, "but it wasn't ready until the day before Mystic." But it was ready, all details complete, even the name neatly lettered on the rear quarter. The motor's final tuning turned out to be all it needed at Mystic, and this turned out to be fortuitous, as described earlier, with the knowhow that came forward from amongst the gathering.

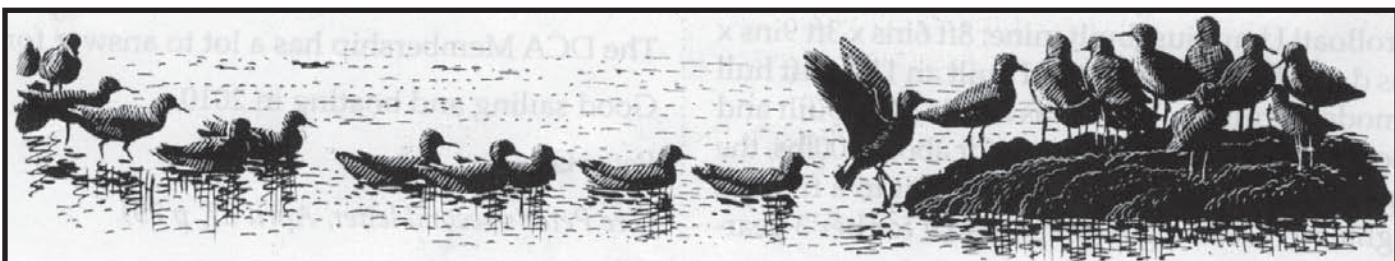
Thumper is traditionally built but with plywood garboards to deal with the wide garboards needed on a dory. Since Gardner himself endorses this approach, Ron feels comfortable with the contemporary touch. Ron raised the sheer forward a couple of inches, which made it very pleasing in appearance. The decks are traditionally planked with caulked seams, the coaming is a single steam bent oak piece, the topsides are a light gray paint, the interior a matt finish natural wood.

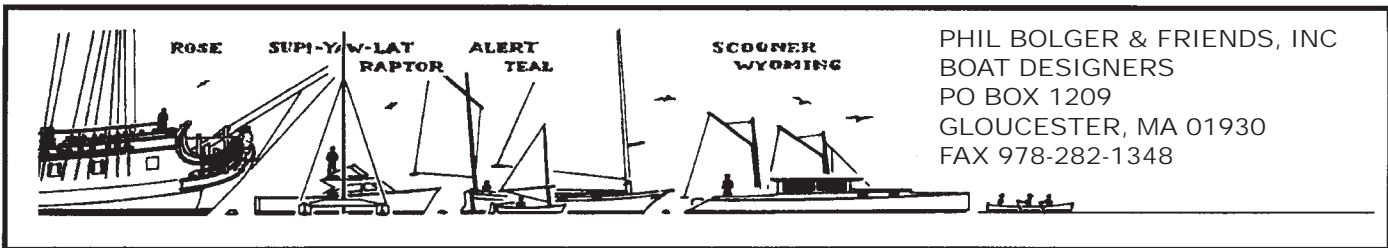
At present the engine is directly connected to the 12" prop, start it up and off you go. The prop has a very deep pitch so it gets a big bite at low rpm and the boat immediately moves ahead almost a perceptible leap with each of the "thumps." To reverse there is a switching procedure for the spark to set the two-stroke running backwards as it comes up on its next compression stroke. This still needed some tinkering to get it right.

This must be how it was at the turn of the century when people who had to row or sail for a living first found how much the early internal combustion engine would do for them if they were willing to live with its idiosyncrasies and the messiness that comes with the fuel and oil and exhaust smoke.



Across the top: *Thumper* was on display at the June meeting of the Peabody Museum TSCA. The “thump” comes from here. Tinkering at Mystic.
 Across the bottom: Traditional dory transom, steeply angled propeller and shaft. Advice in progress.





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Design #561 "Whalewatcher" was designed in 1990. In the July issue of *MAIB* (Vol 28, No 3) we got to read Phil's personal impressions of at last sailing the first completed "Whalewatcher" some 19 years later. Mason Smith had pulled two partial projects together to produce Patrick Connor's *Utilis*, now in the Midwest. On paper, her unusual looks likely deterred quite a few would-be builder/owners who might have liked her simplicity, light weight, and very comfortable accommodations. Seeing her under sail might make some folks take a closer look again, while others might shake their heads muttering "...weirder than I thought she'd look..."

Perception of "good looks" is indeed a personal thing and she sure challenges conventional definitions of what some might think a "yacht" should look like. What is much less arguable is what she offers in comforts as a light cruiser, once you are tired of out-ghosting conventional types in daily matches on your local waters; that is, shooting up a main topmast and topsail might be worth a try in lightest of airs to compete with various conventional spinnaker geometries.

This issue we should examine more closely is her interior. Beyond the unorthodox appearance from afar or close in, "Whalewatcher's" accommodations are likely unexpected as well to the student of conventional trailer cruisers. Here is how Phil described her interior layout:

"The four 6'10" berths and camping galley are inside the transparent-sided

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Fast Weekend Cruiser "Whalewatcher"

Design #561
29'0" length on deck
6'6" hull breadth (7'6" over leeboards)
11" draft (4'1" max. boards down)
4,700lbs normal displacement
410sf sail area

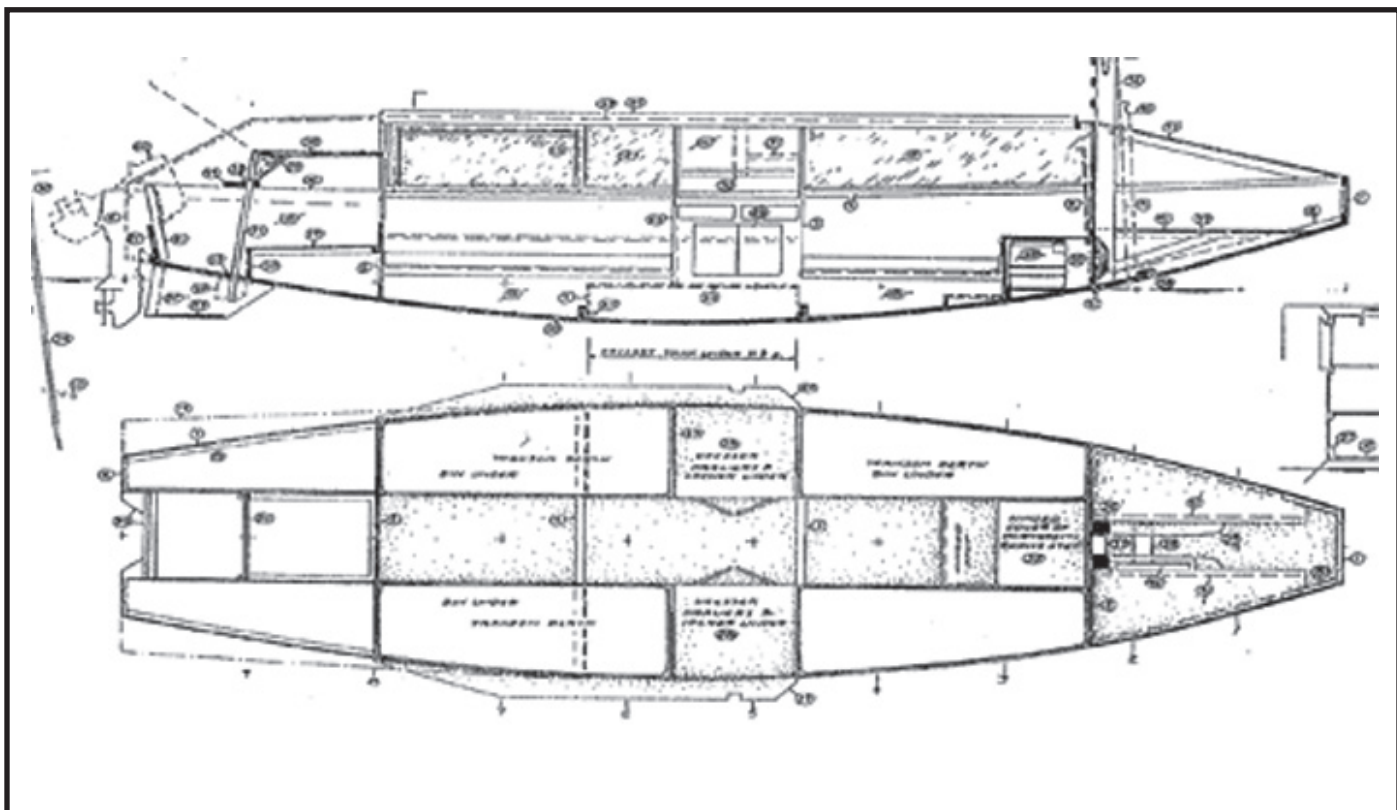
raised deck, with the 3' wide "standing headroom" the full length. The spacious feeling is striking. The five of us could spread out as much as we liked, with separate conversations possible. All had sprawling space. In fact, we tended to congregate abaft the galley bay where the helmsman outside could be included, but the addition of several youngsters in the forward bay would not have created a crowd. The outside helm was specified by the original client, who did not want to have glass in front of him, but in fact nobody found the glass irritating. It was easy to stand up in the standing headroom with head above

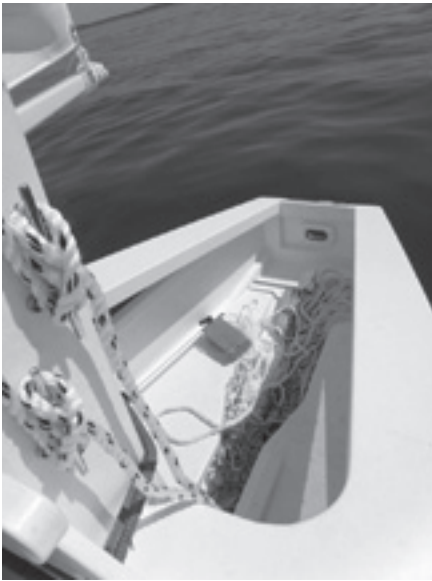
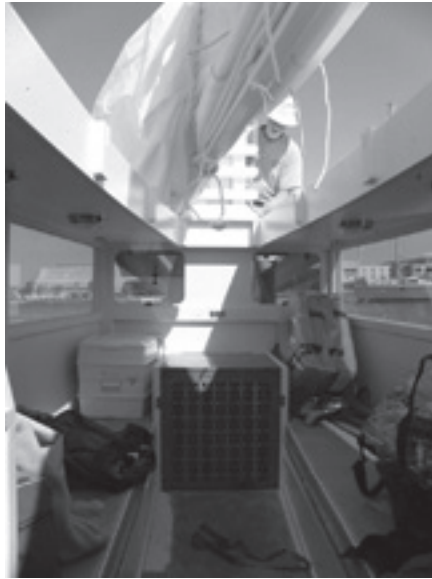
deck, but none of us did so frequently. It was not hot inside the greenhouse. The original client had insisted on the opening windows in the sides of the raised deck for ventilation. I did not like them, sure that sooner or later they would be open and forgotten with a squall coming. As I knew from the first Birdwatcher, they're not needed under sail with the standing headroom open, the downdraft off the mainsail circulates the air powerfully. I admit that on a rainy day at anchor or under power, with the standing room cover in place, they would be pleasant. But I would rather have some electric fans, not expensive, noisy, or hard on the batteries."

Cross-referencing her interior layout drawings with this mix of photos should give you a sense of her ergonomics in both cockpits and her cabin. Without further commentary...

P.S.: I should add that it was entirely my fault that we almost put her on to the riprap in earnest. I should have checked the position of the bow daggerboard and see it pulled up before trying to spin her in close quarters. That afternoon I also locked myself out of the car and almost lost the camera with the chip loaded with many precious shots. All my fault.

Her plans, our Design #561, are available for \$250 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





"If she is right, then we are all wrong". Those words were uttered by the Marquis of Anglesey in 1851 after seeing the low, fine-lined hull and rakish rig of the schooner yacht *America* as she rode at anchor amid the comparatively tubby yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The *Illustrated London News* declared that *America* "seemed rather a violation of the old established ideas of Naval Architecture." Of course, history would record that *America* was indeed "right" after she embarrassed the cream of the British yacht fleet in a series of races. These statements illustrate the gulf that sometimes exists between conventional wisdom and knowledge.

Every now and then a design comes along that alters the way we view a whole class of boats from that point forward. When those game changers first appear they often face vigorous resistance until such time they're able to demonstrate a level of function and performance above the familiar, existing craft. If the new designs originate way out in "left field," a defensive reaction can manifest itself in the form of nationalism, or regionalism.

So it was when our first Middle Path Boats Skua was launched into the cool waters of Little Pleasant Bay on Cape Cod in the autumn of 1991 for her first Oarmaster Trials. Before the racing began I clearly recall hearing someone on the beach muttering, "Somebody is going to drown rowing that skinny boat from Pittsburgh." The New England coast had long been considered the home of open water rowing in the US. To be sure most of the available rowing literature originated in the Northeast, and the most prestigious maritime museum is located there as well, as are some of the oldest and most respected boat shops. That concentration of assets has fed and reinforced an assumption, incidentally, held by many outside the region, that New England had a monopoly on rowing wisdom. When a group directs all of its vision inward stagnation often sets in, and those within the circle can become blinded to progressive influences from the outside.

Today lightweight, fixed-seat rowing craft, most with inland origins, dominate the open water racing scene. And those craft have had a profound influence on the buying habits of savvy individuals who follow such events. Anyone familiar with the history of recreational rowing knows that during the Victorian Age rowing was popular in every village and town in America. Go to the historical society in any town, and you'll see old photos of nicely dressed ladies and gents in beautiful rowboats. So there is no good reason to believe that a thoughtful person from anyplace with a sizeable body of water (that would be most population centers) can't develop an understanding of what qualities a good rowing boat should have. But given the climate in the nautical community in the early 1990s, it must have seemed the height of audacity for a relatively unknown canoe designer who lived hundreds of miles from the sea, to bring such a "radical" boat to that untamed setting with the intent of showing the world how things should be done.

With a hull measuring 16' long, a molded beam of 38", and a center depth of just 14", Skua must indeed have appeared anorexic to persons raised on uber-robust replicas of coastal workboats. Skua didn't win her first Trials, but she showed flashes of her potential. Unlike some of the other boats that had been raced before, no effort had been made

Beyond The Pale

The Story of the Most Influential Rowing Craft That You Cannot Read About in a Book

By Andre de Bardelaben



to tune my boat for the conditions. I vowed that day to never let that happen again. I am pleased to report that nobody drowned rowing any boat in that event and that no boat ran drier than Skua.

During the Third Annual Oarmaster Trials in 1992, when strong winds blew from the first race to the last, things went very differently. Before the racing began I strategically placed small bags of sand in Skua's hull. Thus trimmed, my low-sided Skua remained controllable throughout the day and was able to take full advantage of the speed potential afforded by her long waterline. No other boat could stay with her. On that day the keel-less and skeg-less Skua became the archetype of the modern high performance, fixed seat, open water rowing boat.

Subsequent Trials saw the participation of many other sleek, lightweight boats that nobody would have thought to bring to the coast before. Some of those designs were new, but others were more than a century old. Most of the winning boats from 1992 to the end of the Trials in 1997 could be described as being long, low-sided, and narrow with rounded hull sections, weighing between 70lbs and 110lbs.

That a canoe designer should be the one to lead recreational rowing back toward reason has a pleasing aspect of historical symmetry about it (my even more canoe-like, 70lb Sockeye was the overall winner in 1993). After all, in the late 1800s, the Golden Age of recreational rowing, the finest "pleasure rowboats" were almost always designed and built by persons with a solid understanding of canoe design. The nature of paddling requires a hull that is light, low-sided, narrow, and efficient. Old time masters like J.H. Rushton and Fletcher Joyner thoroughly understood how to shape those very small, lightweight hulls to maximize stability, seaworthiness, and speed. When they applied that knowledge to their rowing craft it yielded boats that were amazingly stable, dry and fast for their dimensions.

Unlike workboat builders, who were always wrestling with cost/benefit issues, the high-end recreational craft builders of the past had to deal with few cost restraints. Building boats with smooth, tight sectional curves used to require great skill, and producing them was a very expensive, labor-intensive process. Modern tools, adhesives and building methods have brought those complex shapes within the capabilities of amateur builders and the budgets of ordinary buyers. There remain few reasons for modern rowers

to tolerate craft with blocky and inefficient shapes, yet for reasons that make little sense to me, they do.

Skua was designed in 1991 with a very specific goal. I wanted to create a new, efficient, no fuss, general-purpose rowing cruiser, like those our wealthy great-grandparents might have owned. By that time I had eight or nine rowing designs under my belt. All were either 16' or 18' in length, with beams ranging from 30" to 46" so I had developed a pretty good sense of how to fine tune a hull for a specific purpose. My objective with Skua was to design a boat that excelled at being pretty good at everything.

These were the design parameters for Skua, along with some explanation of the reasoning behind them. I wanted this to be a design that anyone could row comfortably on their very first outing, so Skua's hull was optimized for rowing from a fixed seat. My earliest rowing craft were built to accommodate sliding seats, but over time I concluded that those devices added nothing but complication in boats of moderate length. As I removed various bits of apparatus I discovered that the boats went just as fast, caused less anxiety and were generally easier to live with. That experience taught me that simplicity and performance are not mutually excluding, so I determined to make Skua's hull just wide enough to accommodate a pair of long oars without resorting to outriggers, yet sleek enough to allow it to keep pace with an entry level rowing shell.

One common complaint about lightweight, high performance craft, like kayaks and rowing shells, is that they don't easily accommodate passengers or gear. It was important that Skua have the capacity to carry three adults and still be light enough for a typical couple to lift onto the roof of a car. Expanding on the versatility theme, Skua needed to be stable enough for an excited fisherman to land a trophy fish and be able to accommodate a small electric motor. Most important of all, Skua had to run dry in the worst conditions that a prudent rower would intentionally go out in. Oh, it also had to be visually appealing.

I'm pleased to report that Skua has passed every test. The first Skua weighed about 85 lbs. When we took her to our first coastal race my wife and I, two average size people, caused a stir when we declined an offer of assistance while preparing to carry our boat from the parking lot to the beach. Coming from a canoeing background, where portable boats are the norm, we were fascinated as we watched teams of four to eight men carrying the other boats. I almost never see more than three people in a rowing craft. How do two people get a 200lb boat down a rugged trail to an isolated beach?

Skua demonstrated her performance capabilities on the big stage when she won the 1993 Blackburn Challenge, an 18 nautical mile race around Cape Ann in Massachusetts. In doing so Skua became the first sub-100lb fixed seat boat to enter and win a major coastal race in modern times. Not only did Skua beat all of the other fixed seat boats, she beat all of the sliding seat recreational shells too. In the hands of a different rower Skua repeated that feat in 1994. In 1995 Skua won the Blackburn Challenge again, this time knocking nearly a third of an hour off the fixed seat course record. At one time or another Skua has won nearly every regularly scheduled, mixed class, fixed seat race on the East Coast.

Occasionally I still receive reports of Skuas winning races, but most Skuas never enter the competitive arena. I'm more likely to get calls or letters from regular folks about more mundane things, like the octogenarian in the Boston area who told me that he sometimes rows his Skua so far down the Charles River that he clamps a small outboard motor to the transom for the return trip home. It's nice that he's able to do that, but I'm glad to report that most Skua owners love the glide of their boats so much that they wouldn't dream of putting motors on them.

Several years ago I started offering custom fitted fishing rod holders on some of my rowing craft. As a lifelong angler who's had limited success with the great pikes, I'll admit that I became a bit jealous when a row-troller in Wisconsin, who'd ordered that accessory, wrote to tell me that he'd teased up and landed a couple of nice muskies in his Skua. So far, Skua seems to have achieved an extraordinary level of utility. I was most tickled when one of my clients called his Skua his "Swiss Army Boat".

As its designer and rower, Skua has made me extremely proud and brought much personal enjoyment. A satisfying number of Skuas are in the hands of rowers all around North America. Some have made it as far afield as England and Australia. That said, this design has brought me little in the way of either fame or fortune. I never expected any one design to make me rich or that its name would become a household word, but I also never thought that, so many years after Skua, and similar designs, so convincingly demonstrated the superiority of the type, I'd still need to explain the concept of rowing cruisers to nearly every individual who contacts me.

Literally thousands of times over the last thirty years, at shows, on the phone, in letters, magazines and on the internet, I've tried to educate people on the history of recreational rowing, not just modern history, but the entirety of it going all the way back to the mid-1800s. Whether the audience consisted of one person or hundreds nearly every individual I've communicated with was hearing that information for the very first time. Because there hasn't been a comprehensive book on recreational rowing published in over a century, the gospel of good rowing boats is presently spread mostly through personal contact.

Newcomers to other human-powered sports like canoeing, kayaking or bicycling, can usually go to a nearby shop where they can get expert advice and even try out some equipment, but there can't be more than a few dozen rowing shops scattered across all of North America, and most of them don't carry fixed seat craft. Nationwide, each year, there

are only a handful of events that non-competitive rowers can attend where they can actually try a variety of different craft. Would-be rowers are left to research their choices online or in a limited selection of "vintage" books, many of which are filled with questionable equipment recommendations based on little more than unfounded opinions.

At present the average U.S. citizen knows far more about horses than rowing boats. Because we're nowhere near as sophisticated about rowing craft as we used to be, placing an order for one can be a tremendous act of faith, but if you ask the right questions and demand logical, fact based answers the outcome can be most satisfying. I can't say that I blame people for being skeptical when a merchant tries to sell them on a class of boats that is all but absent from every source they can find. A sizable body of evidence, no matter how inaccurate or incomplete, takes on the appearance of legitimacy. There is a natural tendency to choose the mediocrity you think you know rather than a more appropriate choice yet to be revealed.

Considering all of the hard data about fixed seat rowing boats has been gathered in the last twenty years and that much of what I've seen has been witnessed by a number of well known published authors, I find it baffling that not one major new book on recreational rowing has been published in more than a generation. It's no less perplexing, given the quiet revolution that's taking place within the rowing community, that so many people still take some of the existing texts seriously.

There have been efforts to change this situation. I know one very qualified author who has written a modern, practical book on choosing and using recreational rowing craft only to be frustrated, time and again, by the irrational and persistent paralysis gripping the marine publishing business where fixed seat rowing is concerned. It seems that those in charge at those companies don't row fixed seat craft, and they can't be convinced that large numbers of people could enjoy rowing them. Because the activities associated with fixed seat rowing are generally much more private and remote than the showy, upscale events so common in the "clubby" sliding seat community, the decision makers in the publishing business, who are primarily businessmen, just don't see how many of us there are.

Nor do they see the dramatic shift taking place in our equipment buying habits. From their standpoint, nothing new is happening on the fixed seat front, so there's nothing new to justify the labor, expenses and risks of printing a new book. Historically their strategy for making rowing books more marketable has been to glam them up by including

lots of sailboats. Check the "rowing" books in your library to see how many of the boats in them are described in Howard Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*. Until practical recreational rowing craft begin popping up in numbers too big to ignore, everyone in the business seems inclined to wait for somebody else to make the first move.

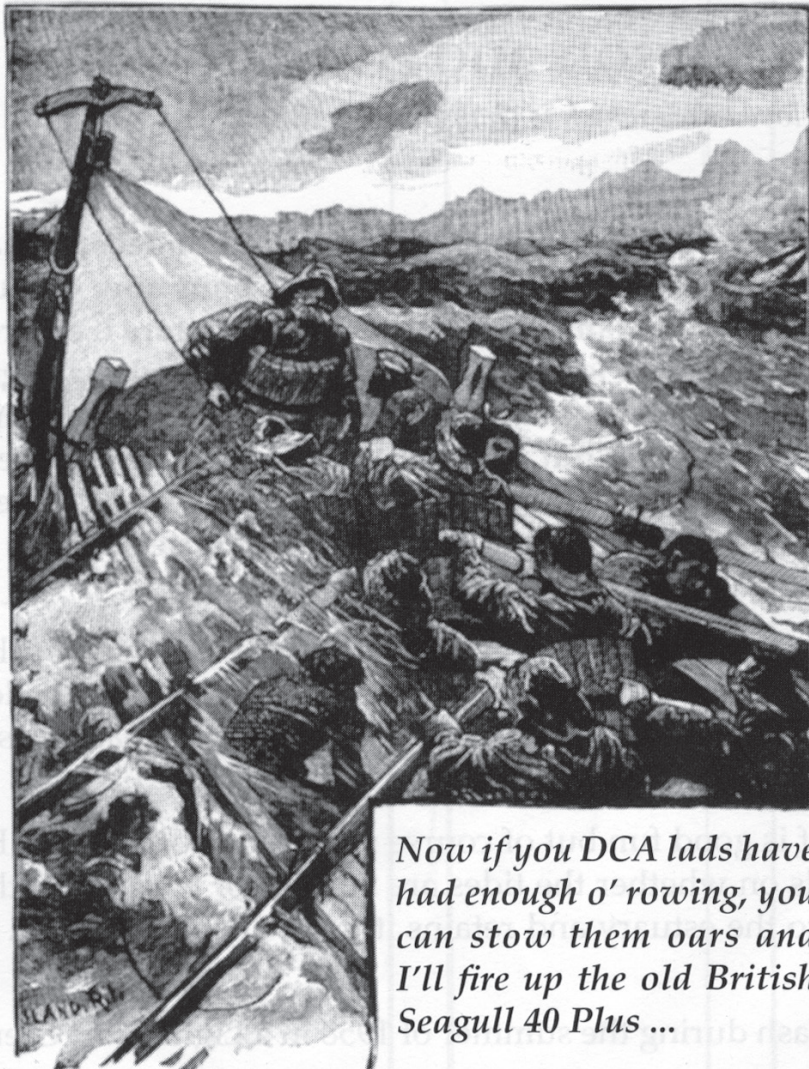
It's doubtful that many rowers will ever be interested in the equipment associated with hand-lining for codfish on the Grand Banks. And modern outdoor people, who've been spoiled by the performance and convenience of 20lb bicycles and 30lb kayaks, are not going to see the appeal of a 200lb workboat. While other human-powered activities are constantly growing, diversifying and becoming ever more sophisticated (there were no mountain bikes and virtually no "sea kayaks" in the 1970s) our sport has seen no meaningful literary recognition of progress in nearly half a human lifetime.

Strangely, there are individuals, some of whom are far more influential than I, who refuse to believe that progress is a good thing in rowing. And, there's that group who've become so absorbed in the liturgy contained in the existing books that they don't realize that progress is possible. Many times I've wondered if such people view the act of rowing as a sacred ritual of asceticism. Because there are no references to refute long discredited theories and recommendations contained in many of the existing books "designers" and builders are free to make all sorts of claims, and there's no easy way for unconnected individuals to separate fact from fiction.

Fixed seat rowing is one of the few sports about which there are no books, magazines or buyer's guides offering product ratings, product comparisons or critical articles. The one large circulation magazine that does occasionally feature articles on fixed seat boats consistently avoids making meaningful qualitative distinctions between, say, a boxy, flat-bottomed plywood skiff and a lithe St. Lawrence Skiff as long as they're both built using the correct base material. With no authoritative voices to aid in separating the true gems from the semi-precious stones from mere dirt, consumers are left to guess at which designs are best and which are right for them. As a result some brilliant designs, old and new, are being ignored while some finely crafted, high-dollar lumps with hull shapes that defy logical explanation are enjoying surprising acceptance in the marketplace.

That does absolutely nothing for the growth of our sport. Against the considerable, and unchallenged, backdrop of books earnestly declaring that water-bruising boxes and coastal workboat replicas are suitable for





*Now if you DCA lads have
had enough o' rowing, you
can stow them oars and
I'll fire up the old British
Seagull 40 Plus ...*

recreational use (I'm talking about rowing here, not sailing), mine has been but a small, lonely voice in the wilderness. In the absence of other independent, corroborating voices, trying to sell the virtues of practical, user-friendly rowing craft has at times seemed like plowing the sea.

How can it be that there are shelves of books on the most obscure and esoteric aspects of yachting, a sport that will directly touch the lives of so very few people and so little in print on the once most popular sport of fixed seat rowing? Recreational rowing craft used to exist in staggering numbers and, with a little press, they very easily could again someday. Now that we again have a nice selection of boats to choose from, is it too much to ask for one new rowing book or perhaps something like a rowing equivalent of *Car and Driver* magazine?



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On a recent morning when I got up, headed for the bathroom and my pre-breakfast early morning reading material, *Messing About in Boats*, and started reading, I became so engrossed in Dan Rogers' story of his installation of a macerator in his CAL 2-27 that I had to read the article through to the end, chuckling all the time. He did a great job describing the impossible positions one must occasionally assume as a "wealthy" yacht owner (if we're so wealthy, why can't we just clap our hands and have someone else do these jobs for us?).

Dan's article activated my memory bits and pieces, and I thought that a follow-up story on macerator installation adventures from a different perspective and on another continent might provide enjoyable "contemplations" for some readers.

Every story needs a framework so that the reader can follow the reason for the necessity of the actions to be described. In our case, we were living in Germany and I had an office in Cologne. My company, United Aircraft International, then transferred us to Paris, France. To solve the Seine, and French canal boating problem, we bought a saucy little Norwegian fishing boat at the Amsterdam Boat Show and took delivery of our new boat in Rotterdam. It was equipped with a Norwegian built SABB 10hp single-cylinder diesel engine with a variable pitch propeller.

We then cruised through Holland, Belgium, and a series of French canals back to the Seine and on to Paris. We found that having a variable pitch propeller was as close to Nirvana we could get as we maneuvered into and out of locks. After three years of cruising on the Seine, my wife had had enough of motorboats and insisted that we get a sailboat again, where the whole family could participate in its operation. So, another Amsterdam Boat Show, another boat purchase, this time a lovely Bill Tripp design, the Tripp-Lentsch 29, built by one of the three top yacht builders in Europe, G. DeVries-Lentsch (the others being Abeking & Rasmussen in Germany and Camper & Nicholson in England). We took delivery of our T-L 29 at the builder's shipyard, sailing first on the IJsselmeer, then down the English Channel to Le Havre, and up the Seine to Paris where we put the boat to bed for the coming winter.

At that point my company asked me to open an office in Munich, Germany, to support a new joint US government/German government fighter aircraft program. As soon as I got to Munich, the first thing I did... well maybe it was the second, or third... was to scout out the area to see where we could sail our Tripp-Lentsch 29. The answer was the Chiemsee, a large lake about 10nm x 10nm with two islands; one with a small village, the other with King Ludwig of Bavaria's lovely castle designed to outdo Versailles.

We moved our T-L 29 *Fun Too* (the motorboat in France had been named *Fun* the dinghy *Games*) to the Chiemsee. Our boat lived on a mooring and Friday evenings we would drive to the Chiemsee, load up the dinghy with our supplies and four people, my wife, our two children, and myself, row out to our boat and spend the weekend living aboard and sailing on the lovely lake with the Alps at the southern edge of the lake.

Reading American sailing magazines in Munich, I became aware of the "direct discharge overboard" controversy brewing in the US, and soon came to the conclusion that we had to do our part to keep "our Chiem-

All About Macerator Installation Abroad

By Conbert Benneck

see" clean as well. About the only product on the market back in 1968/1969 was the original Raritan Macerator/Chlorinator. It was a rather simple machine consisting of a white plastic box with a series of large plugs on its sides which allowed access to the box from different directions for the plumbing connections, depending on the installation location.

The inside of the plastic box had two compartments: Compartment No. 1 where the contents from the head were deposited when the head was flushed. Then, sitting vertically on the top cover of the box, over compartment No. 1, was a 12v electric motor that operated a propeller at the end of a stainless steel shaft. This was the macerator. At the base of the motor mount was a connector with a plastic hose. The end of the hose was inserted into a gallon jug of Clorox. When the motor ran, it sucked the Clorox from the jug into the No. 1 compartment, sanitizing its contents.

The second time that the head was flushed, the contents of compartment No. 1 were displaced to Compartment No. 2, through a Joker valve on the compartment wall. At the next use of the head, the contents of compartment No. 2 finally went overboard; pulverized, minimized, sanitized, and free of coliform bacteria. I decided that I had to buy such a contraption and install it on *Fun Too* to keep the lovely Chiemsee clean. After all, we went swimming there all the time.

In order to understand how what was then (1968-69) a complicated ordering process from Germany to the US, readers who have grown up in the computer and credit card age need to learn of bit of history. Let me transport you back to the BCCC Age (Before Computers and Credit Cards) when things got done by mailing letters back and forth.

In the BCCC Age, we operated with a keyboard just like the computer does today, but when a key was struck, it activated a Rube Goldberg series of levers, springs, and fulcrum points which finally activated a long metal arm, at its end a slug of type metal with a character on it. This then hit an inked cloth ribbon which left imprint of the chosen character on the paper. When the end of a printed line was reached, a return lever was grasped which pulled the carriage back to the other side and rolled the paper up one line so typing could proceed. Try not to make a mistake. There was no "Delete."

We also couldn't just pick up the phone, quote a credit card number, name on the card, date of expiration, and card security number to someone on the other end of the line in order to place an order. First we inserted a sheet of paper into the typewriter, then carefully typed the letter (there was no backspace key that corrected errors on a mechanical typewriter). When finished, the letter was put into an envelope and sent to the US by surface mail (one week or longer) or sent by that faster method, Air Mail. After waiting for a week or two, we then hopefully got a reply.

This is the way things proceeded when I wrote to Raritan from our Munich office and asked about the price and shipping costs of their Macerator/Chlorinator. Eventually I got a reply and the requested prices from Rari-

tan. Next, I had to have a local Munich bank transfer the price of the item, in US dollars to Raritan in the US. After Raritan had received the funds, they were then ready to send me the ordered product.

That accomplished, I then waited the promised delivery. Finally, Raritan sent me shipping documents and said they had sent me the Macerator/Chlorinator by air freight. No Air Waybill Number was given. Soon after I received a postcard from the German Customs Office at the Munich Airport telling me that they had a shipment for me. Please come and get it. I went to the Riem Airport (our office was only about half a mile away) and asked about my package. The German Customs official went into his office and finally came out with some papers. He told me that I would first have to fill out a Customs Import Certificate, obtainable at the main Customs Office in downtown Munich, and then bring the Customs Import Certificate back to the Airport Customs office. Only then could he clear the shipment for release to me.

So, off to the main German Customs office in Munich on the Prinz Regentenstrasse to get the required Customs Import Certificate. When I got there and inquired how I could get the Customs Import Certificate, the clerk gave me an Import Certificate Form to complete, one of the questions on the Form being "enter the German Customs item number for the article." He showed me a thick book that contained all these official German Customs item numbers and told me to find and enter the correct number on the form. Then he could apply his various official stamps, and I could go and get my package at Riem.

My hope wasn't very high that Macerator/Chlorinators had received a German Customs Item Number, but I looked anyway. Eventually, I thought, this is ridiculous, just grab any old number from the list, put it on the form and get the form stamped and approved and head for the airport. Let's see what happened.

Back at the German Customs Office at Riem Airport, I presented my approved and officially stamped Customs Import Certificate. A very young Customs Official who received it went into another room and came back with a large wooden box. My Macerator/Chlorinator was finally in sight. A problem now arose, the box had to be opened so that Customs could look at and inspect the contents. Customs Officials are used to this problem. They have hammers, and pry bars. A bit of prying, a bit of levering to extract the nails and the box top was removed. And here it was in all its glory, my Macerator/Chlorinator, a big white box with a black electric motor on top and its two wires neatly coiled up. Plastic bags of elbows and a large coil of about 3" diameter corrugate plastic hose were also included.

We removed it all from the wooden box and put it on the floor. The young Customs Official asked what it was. He'd never seen anything like this before. So I started explaining, in German, what it was, what it did, and how it did it, and that its purpose was to be installed on our sailboat that was on the Chiemsee and attached to our onboard toilet in order to keep the Chiemsee clean.

The German Customs Official looked at my Customs Import Certificate, checked his reference book for the Item Number I had entered on the form, found the number I had entered on the form, but my number made

absolutely no sense to him. He needed help. He disappeared into their office and shortly returned with his boss. The senior Customs Official looked at my Customs Import Certificate, and noted that the Item Number obviously bore no relationship to the items spread out on the floor. Then he turned to me and asked, "What the hell is it? I've never seen anything like this before (in a heavy Bavarian dialect)?"

I repeated my story using an old jazz song text as an example. Those of you of a certain age might remember the song about trumpet playing. It went, "You push the first valve down and the music goes round and round and it comes out here." I explained that the contents of the toilet in our boat went in here, I pushed the first valve down (the electric button), the music went round and round, and it came out here.

The boss's eyes lit up. He turned to his young colleague and said, "It's really a very simple problem. You just have to get to the heart of what a product really does; then you'll immediately know its category. Choosing the correct Duty Classification for the item is then simple. In this case, what we are talking about is a Food Processor. The Duty on Food Processors is 3%."

And, as they say, that was that. I paid a few DMarks in Customs Duties, put all the parts of my "Food Processor" back in the box; carried the box to my car, and my problem was solved. The Macerator/Chlorinator was now officially imported into Germany. *Fun Too* had the only Macerator/Chlorinator installation in Germany and the Munich Customs Officials had generated a new Item Number to add to their Master List of Items for the next person who wanted to import one.

Dan's product was a later version of our machine, only now instead of relying on the operator to push and hold the Go Button to "make the music go round and round" for the macerator/chlorinator to do its thing, Dan's model had an electronic control with timer to insure properly long macerating times, which added complexity and much greater battery power requirements than our initial version of the machine.

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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Our floating platform between the pilings and the boat is fairly old and has been under repair now and then as such a need develops. My latest effort was to repair the loose $\frac{5}{16}$ " galvanized bolts that hold the wood cleats to the structure (and that provide the securing points for the lines from the boat). The bolts were in good shape, but the 2"x4" wood cleats had shrunk a bit with time and the system was not "tight."

The original cleats were made out of pressure-treated 2"x4" lumber that the builder promised would do the job at a reasonable cost. In the last ten years or so, I have replaced all the bolts and at least one set of cleats as needed. It is a nice straightforward process and very low cost. The cleats are in two pieces. The "base" part is 6" long and the "top cleat" part is 12" long. The base part is rounded on the corners to cut down on the chafe and the ends of the top section are also rounded (eliminates the sharp corners and looks more nautical). Two bolts though the two pieces of wood and the 2"x6" planking hold everything together.

One of my more interesting projects was replacing the flotation. The foam that had been installed to keep the platform afloat when it had been built had deteriorated to the point that it all had to be replaced. I acquired new sealed flotation sections and secured them to 2"x4" lumber. When all was ready, all I had to do was remove the old floats and install the new ones. Since my platform is about 8' wide and 20' long with planking on top, it was not a light structure and picking it up to slide out the old flotation and install the new was not a possibility.

However, since the tide goes in and out (and the water up and down), the replacement was a fairly straightforward operation. Long 2"x4"s were set next to the platform and pushed into the bottom. When it was just past high tide, the 2"x4"s were secured to the platform structure. The tide went out, the water went down, and the existing foam flotation drifted out. When the water had gone down enough, the new flotation was floated in and secured. On the next high tide, the supports were knocked loose and the job was done. Sounds easy?

Well, there were a number of problems and my neighbor and I ended up quite wet, some tools ended up in the muck, and getting the new flotation secured while the tide was still going out proved to be a challenge as the new stuff wanted to float out the canal with the tide. If I were to do the job again the approach

would be a bit different in getting the new flotation in place and securing it in position. But one learns from all such experiences.

The current sailboat racing season is over for a while in our area (Tallahassee, Florida). We were the race committee for a couple of races, including the annual Stephen C. Smith Regatta held at Shell Point to raise money for the American Cancer Society (and have a good time). Along with following the standard procedures for running a race, one of the duties of a race committee is to insure that all the participants are accounted for at the end of the race/race day. As a participant, you can help if you sail by the committee boat before the start of the first race and hail them so your boat can be counted as present. It is also VERY nice (and sometimes required in the Race Instructions) that if you drop out of the race, you inform the race committee of the fact (either by sailing by on your way to shore or via VHF radio). If you inform the committee via VHF, make sure they confirm your message as to the boat name and that you are withdrawing from the race. With these two simple actions, the committee knows how many boats in each fleet are on the water and thus, how many should finish.

Another helpful item you can provide is either valid sail numbers on the mainsail (if the numbers match the registration form) or a readable name on the side or stern of the boat. You know who you are but, the committee may not. If your boat's mainsail (or jib) does not have numbers or there is no name on the side or transom, it might help if you noted something unique about the boat (i.e., AC on forward deck, radar mast aft, blue awning, etc) on the registration form (if you can). When you sail by the committee boat, the committee gets a chance not only to note that you are present, but also note any characteristics about the boat that will help them identify it when it crosses the finish line at the end of the race (you do want to be counted properly, don't you)?

Many years ago, a boat owner was in a hurry to get his sailboat from Shell Point to St Marks (six miles across the bay and eight miles upriver) for needed repair on the inboard engine. The idea was to motor out to deep water and then sail the boat over to, and up, the St Marks River. Rather than letting the engine warm up while still tied to the floating pier and running through the gear sequence, once the engine had started, reverse gear was engaged and the boat backed clear and into the basin. When the gears were changed to forward, the engine died and would not restart. A line was rowed out to the boat and it was pulled back to a slip. If the owner had put the boat in gear at idle speed to check things out while still secured to the finger pier, the trip might have been a lot smoother.

Recently another sailboat's inboard engine would not start, but the owner wanted to make a trip, so he had the boat towed out to deep water. There was adequate wind on Saturday to take him and the crew to their destination, but the wind died on Sunday and, with no engine, they did not get back to their homeport until late that Sunday night and then they had to be towed in. I think the lesson here might be that if the engine does not start, or runs rough, you might want to leave the boat secured until things are fixed. Or, as the saying goes, "It is better to be onshore wishing you had gone sailing than to be on the water and wishing you were onshore," or words to that effect.



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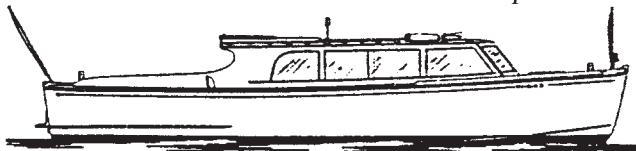
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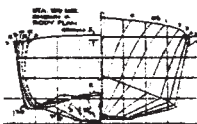
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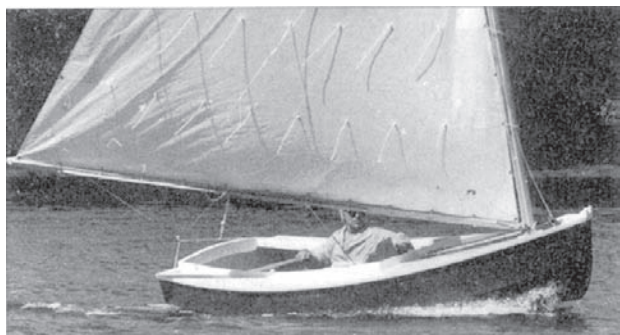
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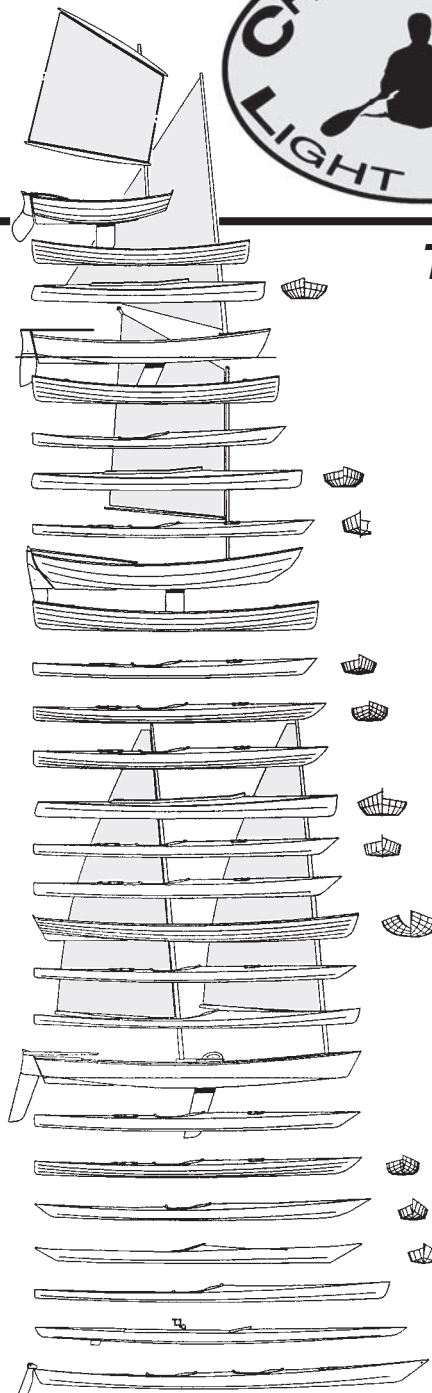
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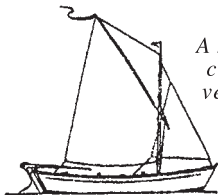
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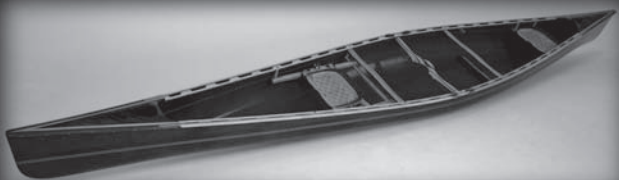
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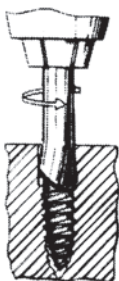
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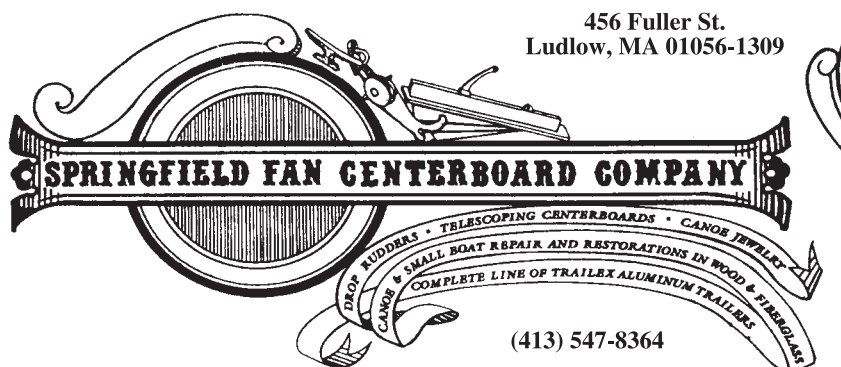
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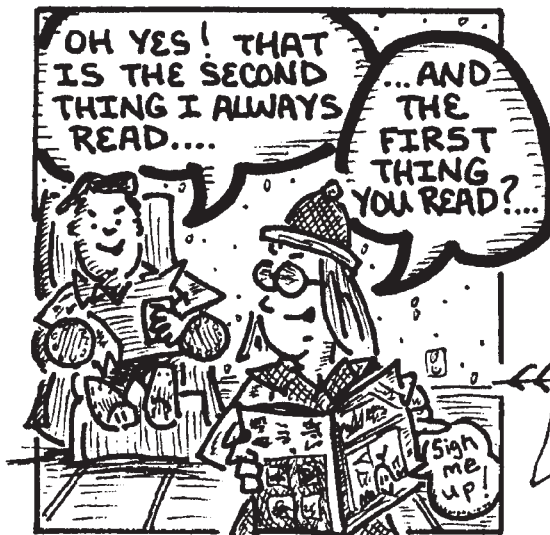
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Sep 10-12 Port Townsend Wooden Boat, WA (maybe)
Oct 7-11 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD
Oct 14-17 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis, MD

** denotes boats in the water

(Bruce Brown's letter, continued)

.....I had special ordered a pair of Shaw & Tenney scoop-blade oars instead of going with pinned oars because I like to feather and be able to ship oars when launching and beaching. These oars are the prettiest I've ever owned, but then I've rowed the carbon fiber so long I'd almost forgotten oars can be made from wood.

The first time the blades caught the water I knew I had not a row boat, but a rowing boat. The packboat flew across the light chop far faster than I had expected. She's not a modern ocean-racing shell, but she's far faster than her specs would lead you to believe and she's stable! After a couple of laps of the cove I decided to poke my nose out into Carmel Bay. She loved the rough stuff! She bashed into the whitecaps with a will and shook off the worst I could throw at her. She may not surf like a long shell with a huge skeg hanging off its tail or a dory with a molded in keelson, but she does all right and a touch of the oar blades is more than enough to keep her on track. With the wind and spray I was getting pretty wet out there and I'd managed to get about three miles from home. In my excitement to row I'd made the error of failing to toss in a bailer, my last half dozen boats came with mounted Elvstrom bailers, and the water level aboard was, well, lets just say my butt was getting wet. (This was, by the way, all ocean spray, very cold ocean spray, no solid water came in that I noticed.) I then turned back towards Stillwater and brought her in rowing across the chop and wind.

Now's the time for total honesty; was it the best first outing I ever had in a rowing boat? No, but not because of the boat. There was the incident of the aforementioned bailer, and then at the last second another operator error. I forgot what I'd learned about her tracking in a seaway and her speed. Forever I've come to the beach, caught the back of a wave, given one stroke, shipped the oars and prepared to jump out and grab the bow so the boat isn't pulled back out. Well, my powerful stroke (70 year old men can be extremely powerful) and the boat scooted ahead so the bow was past the breaking wave. When I shipped oars I had no way to keep her on course for the beach. She broached to port in a nano-second and the wave decided to share the boat with me. This was the first time I'd broached a boat in years! Fortunately some long forgotten synapse fired off and I remembered you didn't want to have a loose boat between you and the sea. I landed scrambling and the boat washed safely past, beaching herself with the oars still in place.

Along with not being patient, I'm stubborn and proud. After emptying sand and water from the boat I pushed back out, went out 1/4 of a mile, turned and came back. I beached her three more times that afternoon without taking on a drop. She does everything and more that I could ask of her. Oh, and one last thought, I've been around boats all my life, including multi-million dollar America's Cup boats and racing Maxis and only one has ever been delivered when promised; my Vermont Packboat. What a great birthday, thank you!

Bruce Brown, Pebble Beach, CA

Bruce is the author of *Open Water Rowing Handbook*; *Stroke: A Guide to Recreational Rowing and Long Strokes: A Handbook for Expanding the Rowing Experience*. He was the West Coast Editor of *Sailing World*